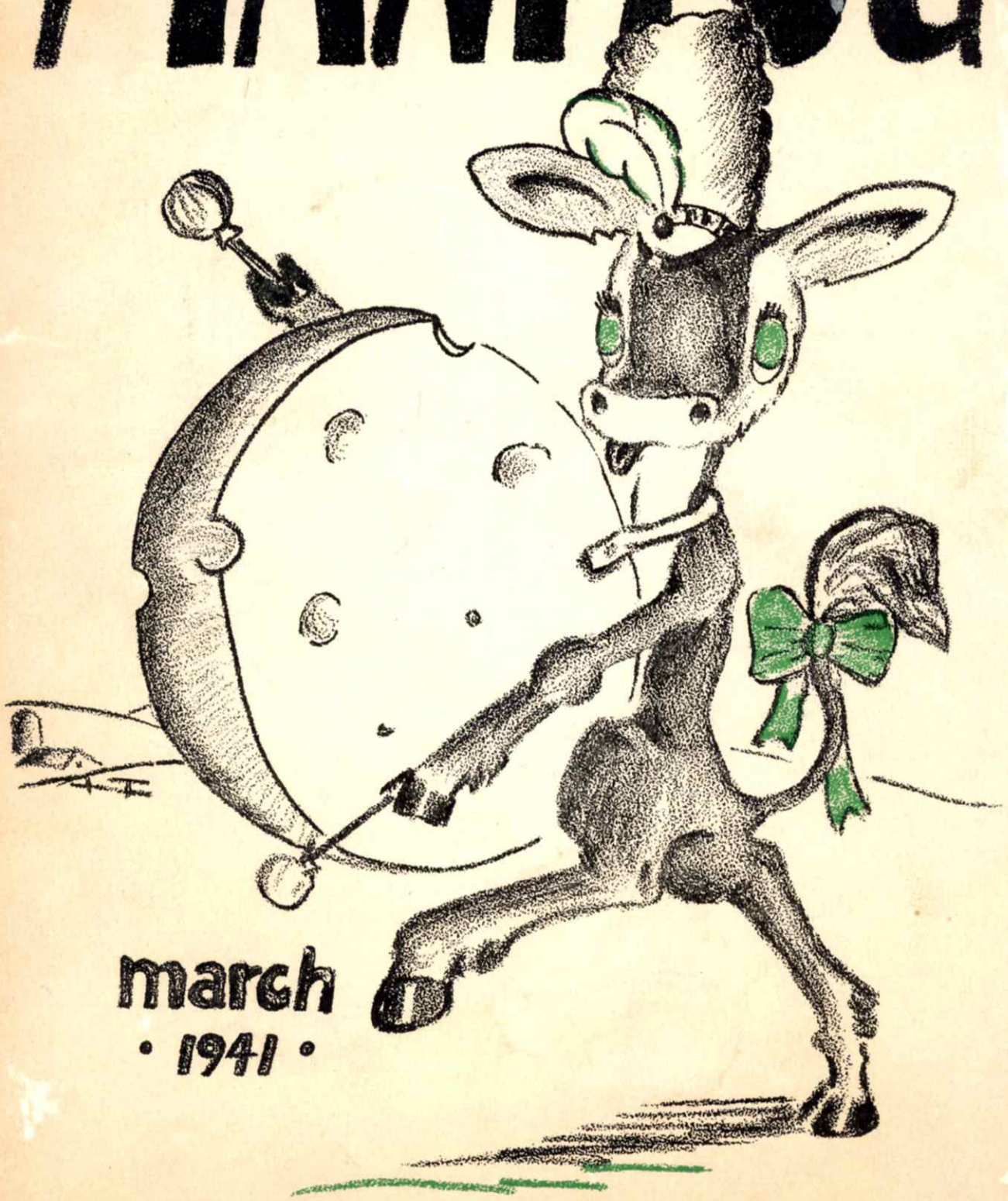
MANITOU



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Thank You!

The Milk Council expresses thanks and appreciation to the Manitou staff for dedicating this issue to "Dairyland". It is gratifying to have the young men and women of the schools realize the importance of this industry to the economic as well as the healthful welfare of the community.

A Quart
A Day for Children
and
A Pint A Day
for Adults

Milk Council

Lincoln High School
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Dear READER,

We are carrying on. There is tradition to MANITOU. It seems that the last few issues have won the coveted Pacemaker award, and before that they were All-Americans. Untried as yet, we present the 1941 MANITOU, featuring Wisconsin, America's Dairyland.

Ken Rusch has practiced to make perfect on over one hundred editorials for the Flashes. And now he has received his reward.

J. C. stands for Jack Christiansen. That leaves Jack holding up the cheese-centered sunflowers on the title page. We could comment, that from a modest beginning, he has started to make a name for himself.

Tower Tycoon Thoke claims his correspondence is the largest of any student at Lincoln. Business, maybe, but Bill doesn't stand a ghost of a chance with some of the girls who were left behind by the army or the navy.

We'll guarantee that the milk in the bottle pointing the way through the MANITOU is Grade A. And we know you're just going to lap up every word in the magazine. (Excuse the reference, but there's a weakness for cats in the Tower.)

So long,

Bonnie Ludwig

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Manitou 1941

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Lincoln High School

Manitowoc, Wisconsin
America's Dairyland

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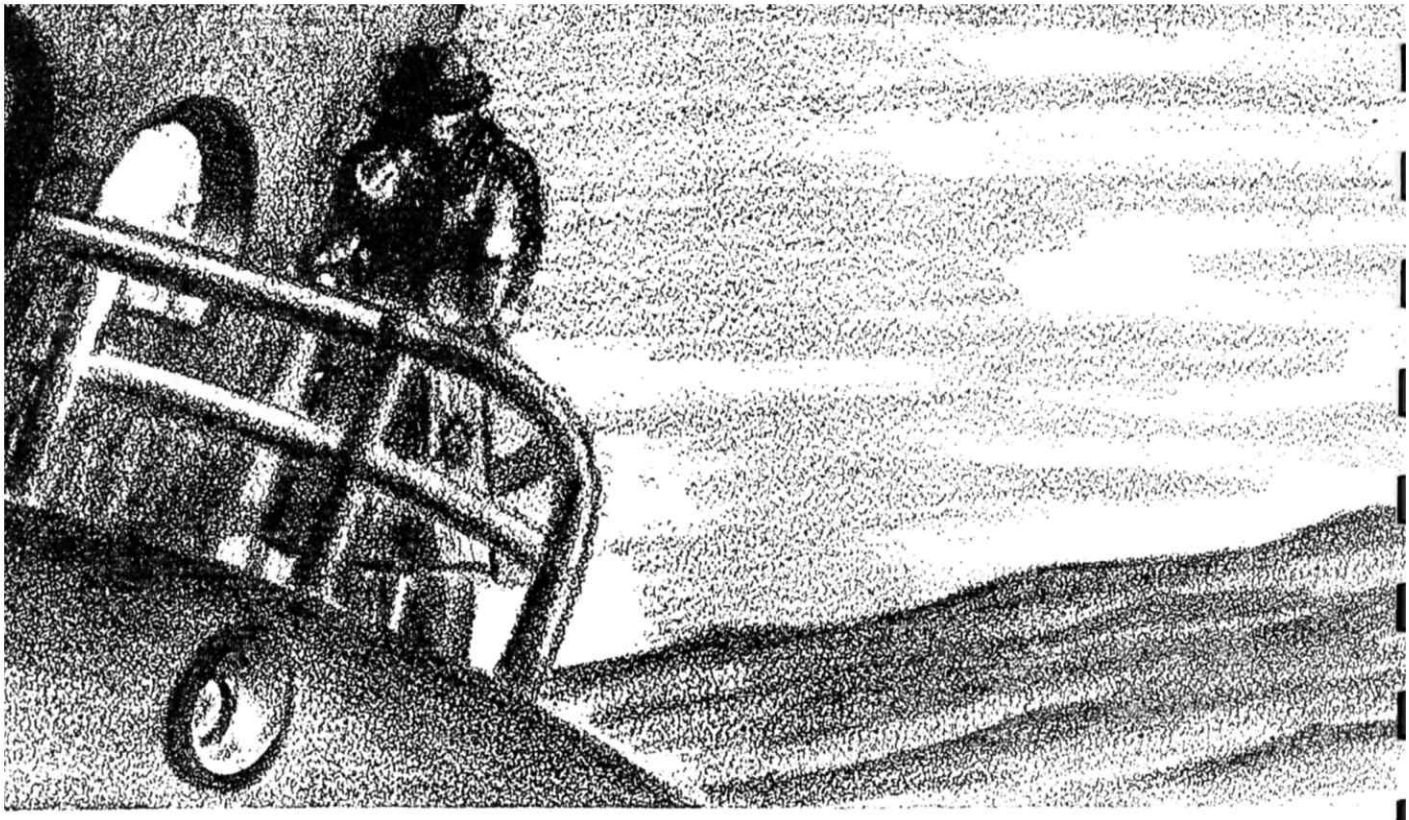


ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUTLER '41

THE REFUGEE

THE YOUNG MAN at the rail stood sharply erect with the brisk wind whipping at his face.

There was no motion on the ship. It was like something dead; an eerie silence made the whistling of the wind through the funnels sound like thunder.

His hands clenched until they were as white as the ship rail they gripped. But still there was quiet—no sound but the lapping of the waves on the bow.

The scene behind him was one cluttered with human beings in various poses, like figures in a wax museum. In deck chairs, on the bare planks, on tables, everywhere they sprawled; men without hope and women silently sobbing, for they had learned the meaning of terror, and cared little whether they lived or died.

The youth at the rail was young and alive. He could not surrender without resisting with every ounce of his soul's strength. The silence was shattered by his sudden cry, "My God!" And he cried loudly, and his hands beat at the rail until the blood oozed slowly from the tips of his fingers.

Only one person on the ship showed any sign of having heard him in his agony. Joshua Schaemer, slouched, with his hat pulled over his eyes, turned his head and looked toward the young man.

Joshua Schaemer had been a doctor until a few years ago. Then he found the strain of visiting patients all day and half the night too much for his bones, which ached too much and wearied too soon. Now he was a man without a country—a fugitive from the land where he had healed countless numbers of his countrymen.

Something in the young man's eyes, the desperation in the muscles of his mouth made Dr. Schaemer take his cane and shuffle beside him.

"My boy, my boy, you can't go on like this. Sit down."

The boy turned sharply at the sound of the calm, soothing voice at his elbow. "I'm going to do it. I don't want to live any more," he said, trembling a little with dreadful anticipation.

The tremor of fascination passed on to Dr. Schaemer. He looked at the water, green, cool, enveloping water, lapping peacefully at the hull. He tore his glance away and looked at the boy, tall, with dark curly hair, and deep tan skin.

It was incredible to Dr. Schaemer that any one so young should want to die.

"You have everything to live for. You have youth—"

"Youth!" In a harsh moan. "And where to spend it—not wanted anywhere on this earth. Yes, I am young. I have two strong hands; but I am of the wrong birth. Hated in one place, not wanted anywhere else. I have youth!" Bitterly.

"But you don't understand," Dr. Schaemer pleaded. "These nations would welcome us with open arms, but they cannot provide for an entire people."

by KENNETH RUSCH '41

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

There is a place for every one in this world. But he must have courage and strength when he seeks to find it.

The boy laughed, a sound like grating rock. "And meanwhile, what is going to happen to us? Are we to sail, starving, half-way around the world until we find some barren spot that we may make our home.. No, no, I have nothing to live for."

"You have the sun and the stars and the wind to live for. You have music to enjoy. You have poetry. You have warmth and cold. You have two strong arms. You have your whole life to live, children to bring up. What difference what land you must finally go to?"

The boy looked at the old man beside him, not daring to hope. He saw the kindliness of the gray eyes, the shagginess of the beard of the same gray. "But if only this had never come. If only one of us had killed—"

Dr. Schaemer was shaking his head slowly. "No—no. It is not for us to hate. There is too much hate already in this world. We must feel sad over the mistakes of men and pray that they will some day understand."

"It is hard not to hate," the youth said, with his eyes downcast. "My mother and father died at sea. They were old and the journey was too much for them. They might have given me strength. But to go to some lonely desert and start living in hardship—"

The old man smiled sadly. "You speak as though we are the first to face hardship. Our fathers and our fathers' fathers faced hardship. They survived. We too can survive."

"But I don't want to 'survive'. I want to live, to see the progress of beauty and culture which our race has helped to advance. That is my life."

Dr. Schaemer frowned. "Beauty? Look over there in the west where the sun meets the horizon. Isn't that the most inspiring beauty you have ever seen? See the sun, red like a ball of fire, dipping into the cool green water."

The young man smiled a little.

Dr. Schaemer leaned on his cane and pointed to two empty deck chairs. "Come, sleep next to me tonight. Dream about your troubles and see if you don't think life, no matter how hard, is worth living."

In the last ray of sunlight he saw that the youngster was asleep, his black curly hair visible in the corner of the canvas chair.

The boy started suddenly. It was bright morning and the sun was already high. As he sleepily turned his head, he suddenly saw the next chair was empty. He sat bolt upright and called.

The ship was silent.

Then he knew. He remembered the look of fascination that had passed across the doctor's face when he had looked at the water. The youth cried softly. Life was worth living when one was young, but when one was old the sun and the stars and the wind were not enough.

He was ashamed.

REUNION

Aunts, uncles and cousins by the dozens - - together make a family

by JANE SCHMITZ '42

AND THERE is the family renuion.

Aunt Mabel decides to call up Aunt Helen and tell her that it certainly would be nice to have a family reunion, and Aunt Helen says it would be just lovely, but she wouldn't want it at her house, because they are thinking of painting and there would be a terrible mess. Aunt Mabel replies that they might have the living room papered so she couldn't possibly have it at her house! Therefore, Aunt Helen gets the bright idea that it would be nice to have it at Grandma's. Aunt Mabel agrees and then breaks the news to dear old Grandma who doesn't suspect a thing and goes ahead to prepare for "the children."

Comes the big day, and the family reunion, like garlic, repeats itself.

One by one they troop into Grandma's house with a conglomeration of bear hugs and kisses. There is a squirming as everybody tries to avoid poor Uncle Matt, who gives the juicy kiss accompanied by his own version of Ace Tobacco, and Aunt Mabel beats all with her sound effects as she turns her head so that the bone in her neck sticks out when some one kisses her. The rest of the family bring their dear, sweet children, who, you may be sure, are nothing except little brats.

As everybody has arrived except Aunt Selma, who lives in California, they gather around and talk over old times. Uncle Joe and Aunt Jane brought with them a Mr. Johnsee, a young man about twenty-seven years old, who is finding the goings-on rather boresome. But Aunt Mabel, who is not quite ten years past thirty, finds the young man a very "promising" chap, and therefore coyly tries the old one of dropping her handkerchief; but after a futile effort, picks it up herself. Oh well, life begins at forty!

Over in a corner Uncle Bill and Uncle Harold are trying to lure Uncle Ed into a poker game. But Uncle Ed gets a dirty look from his wife, and therefore is quite undecided about the whole affair.

Gertie and Art, two little brats around eight years old, suddenly find a deflated football under the davenport and start kicking it around. After hitting Uncle Ed, old Mr. Bogsbee, and Uncle John, Uncle John decides it's time something should be done and starts after Art, who is largely responsible for it all, with his belt. After running around the davenport and easy chair, easy chair and davenport, this time including the piano, Uncle John, who is fairly red in the face, decides it's time to quit, and falls on the davenport exhausted and almost on top of old Mrs. Hogendute, who came over only to borrow a cup of sugar.

Meanwhile Uncle Amos is putting his seventh one "down the hatch" while Aunt Mary gives him the usual "wait until you get home" look. Uncle Bill, the pianist of the group, starts a few bars of *The Old Gray Mare* while all my uncles, after many attempts and discords, finally get started.

At this time Grandma appears with the welcome news that dinner is ready. After much confusion and a couple of upset water glasses, the family commences with the turkey—and Aunt Mary, as usual, takes the left wing.

In the middle of the salad course, the telephone rings. Long distance! It's Aunt Selma calling from California. Grandma answers it. After a minute of talking, Aunt Mabel begs Grandma to let her talk to Selma for "just a minute." As she talks, the rest of the family lines up in back of her, and each talks for a half minute. After Aunt Mabel, comes Aunt Jane with the usual "How's the weather there? How are you? Write soon!" Following Aunt Jane comes Uncle Bill with "How's the weather there? Thanks, we're fine,

(Continued on page 60)

Wings

by BONNIE LUDWIG '41

Wings are free.
They fly high above
To find a haven of blue,
And the silver linings;
But all wings come to earth.

Fancy frees the earthbound;
Thoughts soar,
Climbing to uncharted heights,
Plating reality with gold;
But fancy turns to fact.

Oh, God, how wise
Wings You would not give to man,
You gave imagination.

Youth

LOOKS AHEAD

by KENNETH RUSCH '41

FIRST PLACE EDITORIAL

PESSIMISTS are having their fling this year. Indeed, the future is as uncertain now as at any period in American history. If the worst predictions come true, the United States may face alone in a few years, or weeks, or months, or days, a great coalition of powers: Germany, Russia, Japan, Italy.

Conscription is again a reality and only during critical times has the United States ever resorted to drafting her man power. The national debt limit is to be raised still more, still closer to the breaking point.

Yes, pessimists really have something to talk about this year. All of us admit that the future is not exactly bright. We are living in a period of war which may go on for the rest of our lives. At any rate, the United States may eventually be a lone democratic power in a world of powerful totalitarian states.

This June a million young Americans will step to rostrums and receive their diplomas. The sun will be shining brightly and the skies will be blue. A million husky throats will sing their beloved alma maters for the last time.

Some distinguished gentleman will tell them that they have been taught honor and justice, and that it will now be theirs to go their respective ways in the world.

And youth will be thinking and wondering. They are people maturing in a time of war, of crashing ideals, and of despair. They see democracy being crushed all over the world, after centuries of advancement. The class of 1941 will be a little afraid, perhaps. But just a little. For they will be wondering about the future. They couldn't be blamed if they were a little more doubtful, a little more cynical than the classes which have preceded them. They could not be blamed if they were a little less optimistic than they might be.

But the youth of today is not defeatist. It wears saddle shoes and goes to football games; it dances and laughs and sings; and it is, I suppose, a little irresponsible.

But, given a crisis, it is just as responsible as any generation. Today's youth can be serious and it can be competent. Young men are concentrating on difficult problems so that they will be of service to their country. Men are joining the army, going on to school to learn more.

Youth loves America and America's way of living and it will use all its strength to protect that way of life.

Today's graduates and tomorrow's citizens are ready to keep this nation as great as it is today. Youth will take the torch and hold it high, fathers, you need not fear.

And youth will try, as our great men have always tried, to make this world a better place in which to live.

United

WE STAND

by OLIVE JAGODINSKY '43

"WE MUST ALL hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Thus Benjamin Franklin ably summarized the situation of the United States in 1776. America heeded his advice, and upon this basis of unity built the land of opportunity which is our priceless heritage.

The America we love is fundamentally the America whose independence our ancestors fought and died for. The same government, of, by, and for the people persists. We still have the privilege of choosing *our* representatives to run *our* government the way *we* wish it to be run. But this has not been attained by mere chance. It is the result of triumphant emergence from the dangers that threaten every government.

It may be remembered that despite the fact that we honor Abraham Lincoln as one of our greatest presidents, his election was the final step in the growing rift between the North and the South. However, his inspired leadership through the crisis which followed prevented the dissolution of the union. With the wisdom born of experience, our nation progressed. The entrance of new states, the power of industry, and the achievement of man all served in the glorious cause of molding willful states into one indivisible nation.

Recently, in a world of turmoil, America, as the leading democracy, faced the task of choosing a leader.

Rival Republican and Democratic parties campaigned enthusiastically. American citizens cast their ballots and Franklin Delano Roosevelt became the first man in the history of the United States to win a third term to the highest executive position this country offers.

True, opinions differ. Many individuals may have opposed him as a candidate; but as a literate people, we must acquiesce to the will of the majority.

You, America, have cast the die. It is your duty to support your choice with the unswerving loyalty which exemplifies the American spirit.

In the strife of today we cannot afford to allow prejudice to creep into our hearts to destroy the patriotism which establishes national defense.

The small democracies of Europe believe in the rights of the individual; they, too, practiced self-government. Yet, they were crushed by dictators. Why? Because their desire for peace was shadowed by unpreparedness.

We must not be ensnared in a like manner. Nor can we grope with the mistaken idea that we are invulnerable. Trace through history, from Julius Caesar to Napoleon, and see that invincibility ceases when unity is dispersed. Preparedness comes only with unity.

Awake, America, to the urgency of this plea; arise as one—steadfast and unconquerable. For "united we stand; divided we fall."

Vade Retro Me, Hiems!

by PHILEMON HENSEL '41

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Dress thyself in bleached togs;
Cover all thy plains and bogs.
Yes, earth, cover.

Drape her well, Frau Holle's feathers,
Harbingers of foulest weathers,
O'er her hover.

Whistle, frigid Aquillo!
Freeze the waters here below!
Come hither; blow.

Elements! turn life to death.
But Spring once more shall waft her breath
When rustics sow.

Then will all the world be glad;
No more will mourners be grief-clad.
Each one rejoice.

Regardless of the stormy blast
The soul of man shall sing at last
With mirthful voice.

Make Believe

by HELEN WALLACE '41

FIRST PLACE SKETCH

DID YOU EVER play make-believe? It's a wonderful game, I assure you. It takes you away from the grim realities on a shimmering wave of thought, far into a land of dreams.

Once upon a time I used to play make-believe. In my boyhood I'd lie before the snapping, crackling fire in the warm, low-ceilinged den and watch the mellow fire-beams chase each other, first over the big, shabby overstuffed sofa, then over the worn footstool my dad loved so well. They'd caper over and about the heavy rafters, peek through the leaded windows of the massive bookcases that lined the walls, and finally land with a plump on the soft, thick rug, as the charred logs, with a whispering sound, crumbled and resigned their blazing glory to a soft, golden glow. And as some of the lacy ashes, mystic glittering filigree, would wend their silent way upward, I'd watch them, and my thoughts like them would drift up the warm, broad chimney into the cold, still air of the night.

I was too old to dream of castles and towers, of monsters and magic carpets! I was too old, but as I look back, I was young enough to dream of things as inconsistent, as impossible.

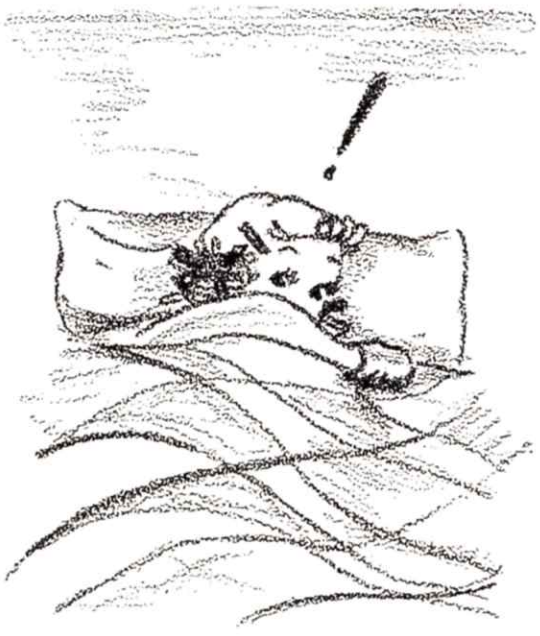
My thoughts, like those of so many adolescents, turned toward the time when I would be a grown man like my dad and take my place in the world. Oh, I dreamed of many places I could fill. There was that of a surgeon, a healer who could restore health and happiness to so many; a minister, friendly and kind, beloved by his entire congregation. From the more remote corners of my mind came streaming forth visions of a daring pilot, flying medicine and supplies through a fierce blizzard to stricken communities; and then as I drowsed in the dim light, I could lazily see myself as a great banker gently cursing over the choicest of cigars as I sped homeward in my powerful limousine.

Once upon a time I used to play make-believe—today, this very minute, I'm playing it, playing it with all my heart and my soul, making believe I have never encountered wretched suffering, have never walked hand-in-hand with death, have never brought it. My eyes fill with tears. I'm playing it isn't I who helps fire those long range guns on other bands of poor wretches like us; that it isn't I who wreaks havoc and destruction, heart-wringing sorrow and grief.

For you see, Life wouldn't let me be a surgeon or a banker or even a pilot. It wouldn't give me a chance to live and be happy like a civilized man, or even a chance to grow long enough to be a man. It didn't want me to heal, or teach. Life made me a soldier. I must kill.

What A Night

by ALICE LINDROTH '41
SECOND PLACE ESSAY



ILLUSTRATED BY
MERLE HANSEN '43

DeQUINCEY

BACON

I HAD A dream. Perhaps it would be more fitting to call it a nightmare. The cause of this horrible nightmare was probably the herring, cheesecake, and pickles I had for supper, plus the fact that since the beginning of this quarter, we have been making a thorough study of the essay, and it was my uppermost thought when I retired Monday night.

I dreamed that I, like Thomas De-Quincey, was an Opium Eater. My dreams differed from his, however, for I met characters and famous people while under the influence of this drug, and he usually experienced queer sensations.

A cloud of smoke appeared. It then cleared, and here stood a man who died while making an experiment on preservation. It was Francis Bacon. He had a few of his "Essays" with him. Well I remember them. I enjoyed reading them very much, but while I learned a great deal from Bacon's philosophy, I would not delve deeply into his works for sheer enjoyment.

Bacon disappeared as quickly as he had come, and a man in a kilt came forth from the cloud. He was a stern looking man, and I knew him to be Thomas Carlyle. He shouted at me and told me to stop staring at him, but he did look funny. I knew he didn't like me. He was probably getting even with me because I was so evident about showing my dislike for him. Not really him, but his writings. I dislike having to read something many times before I get the gist of what the author is trying to say, and this is exactly what I had to do with Carlyle's Essays, "The Everlasting Yea," and the "French Revolution."

I was glad when he disappeared, and hoped my next visitor would be more pleasant. My hopes were satisfied. Robert Louis Stevenson then came into my dream. He was a handsome man and I could tell he loved adventure. I think every one should read his "El Dorado," for it gave me a higher and wider viewpoint on life.

He did not stay long enough to suit me, but I enjoyed reading Lord Macaulay's things a lot also, and he was the next person I met. His manner was a lot like his writing, very direct and to the point, but comfortable. I would recommend him to almost any one. His writing seems to flow.

The effects of the opium now began to wear off a little, so being a fiend, I took another dose of the horrible stuff.

Cardinal Newman was then looking at me with a stern expression. I knew his ego was hurt because I didn't think he was anything super. I didn't dislike his "Site of a University," but I didn't enjoy reading it either, and it certainly didn't enrich me in any way that I can think of. He raised his hand as if to strike me. I shut my eyes; and when I opened them again, he was gone.

Next came a man who was completely robed in white, like a ghost. Who could this be? Oh, I knew. It was Huxley disguised as "A Piece of Chalk." Huxley was easy to understand, and very educational, but so uninteresting. I read his essay for it was required. I think he knew this too, judging from his cold attitude toward me.

Steele and Addison followed. I was disappointed because they did not bring Sir Roger De Coverly with them, for I liked reading about him so much. However, they promised to take me back with them sometime to see Sir Roger, and the Coverly Ghost, and many of the other characters I met in their essays. Addison and Steele weren't on speaking terms. They hadn't wanted to come together, but there wasn't enough time for them to come separately.

Ah! Here at last was Charles Lamb. His "Dissertation on Roast Pig" made me want to meet him. I would like to read more of his essays.

Then came a large man who kept shouting something about not wanting war. This was George Bernard Shaw. He was so loud that I was glad to have him go. I agree with his ideas in his essay "Preface to Heartbreak House," but I didn't enjoy reading it especially.

Then came the dawn! It kept getting colder and colder, and I wondered who would come next. I was almost freezing. I was awakened by my mother. A gale was blowing in my open window and somehow I had managed to kick off all of my blankets. I was glad this horrible night was over. At least I had learned one thing. I'll never become a dope fiend if it produces dreams like that.

TEEN-AGE Independence

by HOWARD GOODHEW '41

I was once told by a teacher, whom I look back upon as being terribly incompetent to guide the active minds of young people, that one must always keep his brain busy or else it would dry up and waste away. This miserable thought kept me constantly worried. I began to wonder what would happen to my "grey matter" if I did not constantly endeavor to keep my brain active during my sleeping and waking hours.

It was not until sometime later that I reasoned out why any teacher should make such an abrupt statement to torture a child's mind. The reason is simple enough. The teacher had intended to scare some of her lazy students into working, but she overlooked one thing. The poor students entirely ignored the statement, as they did the rest of her teachings, and the better students, who were doing the best they could, absorbed this little piece of information and worried over it. In reality, it hindered them in their work, and consequently brought down otherwise good grades.

This teacher is still in service, much to the disgust of many pupils today, and for all I know, she may still be making that statement, never realizing, after all these years, that whatever a teacher says is taken for granted by a student, and in a case like this, causes a most undesirable effect upon the child.

Incidents like this make a teen-age student wonder just how much teachers know about their profession. Has their every day life become so mechanical and full of routine that they endeavor only to get a student to do a piece of work, never caring or realizing that perhaps after all it isn't that one piece of work that counts as much as what the student gains from doing the work?

Students wonder about this quite a bit in the case of history or English assignments, when a teacher piles on quite a bit of factual material concerning names, dates, and places. This is decidedly easy to teach, for all the instructor has to do is to "pound in" these "essential" facts and then find out just how much the student can remember by means of a test.

What good can your utmost efforts do if, after reading a series of articles for English, taking that subject as an example, you are tested on the authors' names and birthdays instead of being shown why the writings of a certain author are great compared to your best piece of work? The students who received high marks in such a test perhaps studied for hours on the authors' names and birth dates, and unless they are geniuses, in a month later they will be able to recall very few of the answers if given the same test; whereas a correction in speech or compositions, as learned from the great works of others, will stay with them a lifetime.

Another case of this type is the drilling and testing in grammar. If all the emphasis is placed on the dry mechanical end of being able to tell a noun from a pronoun or verb, the student is never given a chance to make practical use of the material which has untiringly been driven into him. Consequently, a student emerging from such a course has just as many, "John, he's" and "dises" and "deres" and "ain'ts" in his speech as before; and a month later he "don't" know a verb from an adjective, just because so much grammar has been absorbed at once that it becomes a jumbled mass in his brain.

I have to try hard to get good grades. I'm just a C student who works a little harder and gets an A once in a while. Therefore my faith and pride were secretly hurt when I found out that a teacher of mine had made the statement, behind my back, that, "I had too many irons in the fire." It's a funny thing that teachers will work a student for all he's worth, and then criticize the same person for working too hard.

Censure of this type undoubtedly makes a student quite despondent, but it also in-

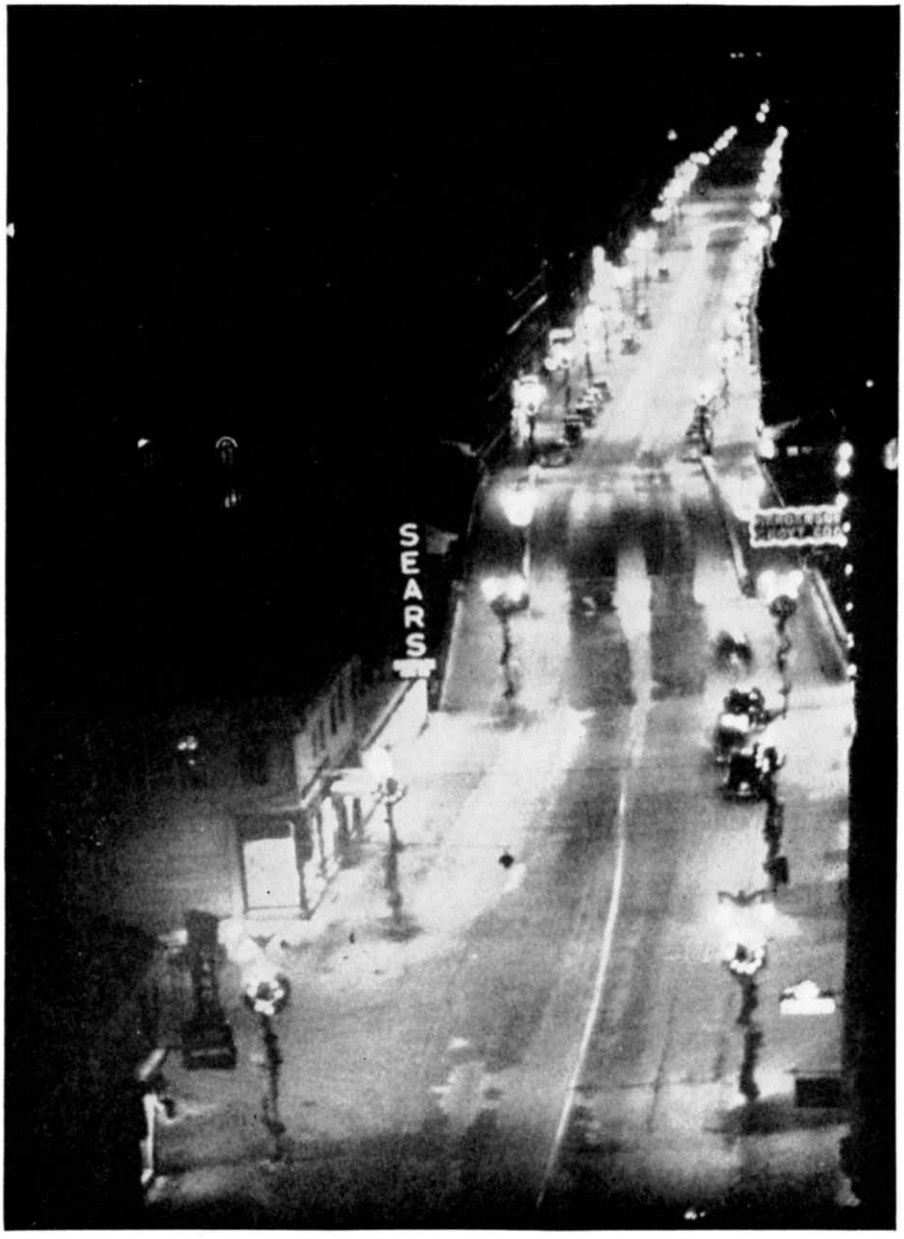
(Continued on page 59)

Another step forward

by JAMES STEIN '41
First Place Photography

Three of the 57 varieties

by JAMES STEIN '41
Second Place Photography



City street in the rain by ROBERT BUTLER '41

Junior, take your choice by G. WILLIAM FECHTER '41

The mechanization of Civilization

by KENNETH RUSCH '41

FIRST PLACE ESSAY

TODAY YOU don't have to slice your bread before you eat it.

You don't even have to shake the milk bottle—it's all been done for you.

And life is dull . . . believe you me. Mechanization has taken the drama from life. It has taken one of life's purest values and reduced it to something artificial that is flashed on the neighborhood movie screen.

Take, for instance, the hero's pursuit of his lady love and the villain. In the old days he would have dashed madly to his horse and pursued the villain who had carried his beloved away. When he caught them, it was a duel to the death while the girl stood by weeping.

But now, given the same circumstances, your hero strides to his Buick eight, sinks into a cushioned seat and sets the engine purring. As the radio blares "Fur—nacki—sacki" he overtakes the villain and tells him he is preparing an alienation of affections suit. The trembling villain departs. The girl weeps.

It's practically the same scene, but the effect is vastly different. Stripped of the glamor of human effort, the whole business gives a shoddy effect.

Why, even the greatest love stories of all time could never have been written in this mechanical age. Here is Romeo dialing 1323 and saying, "Hello, Juliet? Guess who this is!" And then Juliet, "Ssh, Romeo, daddy's got the wire tapped."

Steve Brodie wouldn't be able to jump off Brooklyn Bridge today without being approached by a dozen salesmen selling rubberized swimming suits.

And they're even making Teddy Roosevelt's cavalry a mechanized division.

Imagine Teddy shouting, "On with the charge, boys!" with his body wedged up to the stomach in a tank turret.

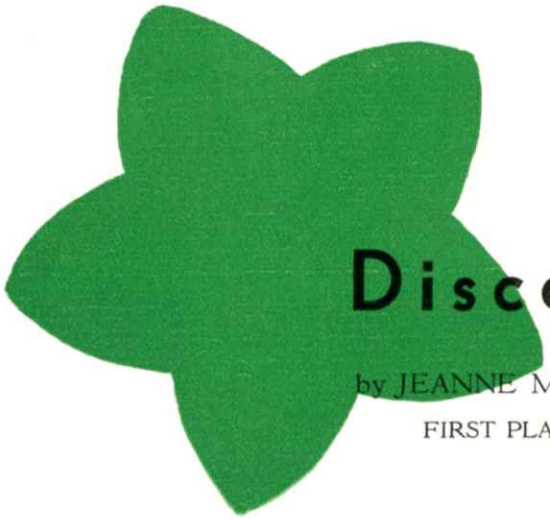
The very course of history would have been changed had the mechanization of civilization come a few centuries earlier. If Spanish meteorologists had been able to predict "Fog, unsettled, winds from the west" for the day of battle, the great Armada might never have been defeated by the outnumbered British.

Or suppose that at Trenton on Christmas in 1776, the music of the wireless had been interrupted by an, "Attention! This is Fifth Columnist No. 5 broadcasting from Station X. Be on the lookout for George Washington and an attacking party from across the Delaware." If that had happened, we might still be "saving the King" today.

That is the tragedy of progress. We managed to blunder along all right without mechanization—but when it came, it brought along trouble. Just think: double-feature movies, cigarette lighters, and Hitler, to mention a few. That's why I'm worried . . . mechanization may be the ruin of our liberal way of living. With his Stuka bombers and his Panzer divisions, Hitler is the terror of Europe; without them he is just a pasty-faced corporal who wasn't even a good paperhanger.

And has machinery served its purpose in the world? Break through the thin shell of modernism and you discover it hasn't. When the public utilities plant goes out of order and the lights go out, what do you do? (Provided you're not visiting your girl). You go and light a candle, of course. That's how it is in every emergency—we moderns are forced back through the centuries for a solution we can depend on.

(Continued on page 74)



Discovery

by JEANNE McCONNELL '42

FIRST PLACE POETRY

I wished upon a star.
    I saw it flicker, flicker . . .
Fainter,
    Fainter
'Till it died in the sky.

I searched for this bright star.
    I found it later, later . . .
Glowing,
    Glowing
In the twinkle of your eye.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT BUTLER '41

Acting With The Great Profile

by G. WILLIAM FECHTER '41

SECOND PLACE SKETCH

The red light was on. We were on the air! My mind was a six-day bike-race. The moons of Saturn, all twenty of them, spun before my eyes.

All week we had rehearsed, but still it was my first time on the air. Here I was playing with the Great Profile for my first time. What if I should lose my place? The script rattled in my hand, its cardboard backing sounding like the whirring of wings. My teeth added a castanet chorus to the introductory music. The announcer made a few profound remarks. Then the Great Profile spoke. It had started. The place, the place! I could not find the place.

My mouth felt stuffed with cotton. My eyes bulged from straining to keep the right place. The whole action rested upon my part. Even the Great Profile could not go on without me. Our production man stood on the other side of the fish bowl, waiting, waiting for my entrance. We were fifteen lines from my part now. Then twelve. Then ten. Doom was stealing upon me. I had memorized the whole play just for such an emergency. Now I couldn't remember its name. Terror was written over my face. The eyes of the audience were on me. My life for a corner to hide in!

Five lines before my part a substitute was rushed in. I waved him off. Either fail completely or make the hall of fame was the idea which kept running through my mind.

Two lines to go. I grabbed the door jam for support. Do or die was my byword. Die would have been better. One line to—I licked my lips—my throat wouldn't function. How could I? The substitute was warm and ready. The cue came. My first part passed; the production man signaled that it was fine.

I had opened and closed the door just right.

SMOKE

by ANITA BIESEMEYER '41

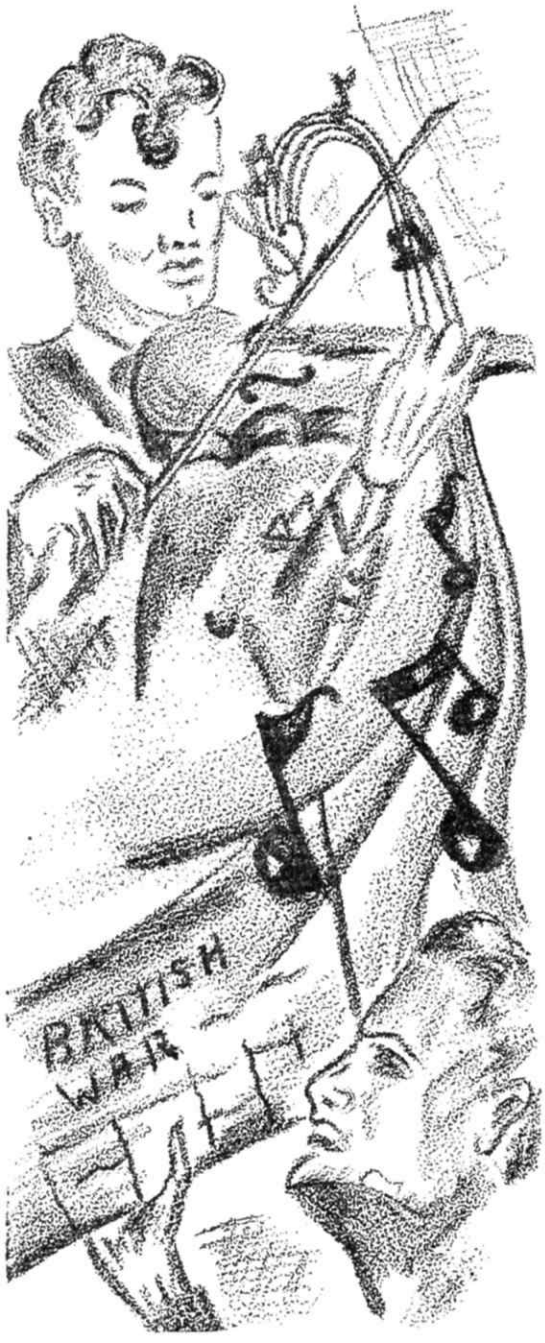
Smoke is in the air, my mind. It's in my heart and eyes.
It clouds the sun. It blurs my thoughts. It even veils the skies.

The fire burned bright. The flame is gone, and only smoke remains.
Illusions shattered, knowledge cruel, is all the smoke contains.

And soon the smoke will fade away. No trace will stay to haunt
The soul I had, for now my soul can feel no pain or taunt.

by RUTH BUTZ '42
SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY (TIE)

Nocturne



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SCHULTZ '42

THE MAIN street corner was deserted. Dawn struggled to throw off her gray cloak of night. In the shelter of a large department store crouched a hollow-eyed newsboy. Gusts of wind blew swirling leaves around the corner. With a collar high around his ears and cap pulled down, he watched the approaching car.

"Paper, sir?" He held them out as the lone auto paused for a stoplight. The window rolled down and a smartly gloved hand thrust out a coin.

"Kind of crisp this morning, eh son?" remarked the jovial, fat-faced man, noticing the red hands and wrists of the boy.

This was the way it was every Sunday morning. A few travelers now and then; shivering behind the wagon; then the early morning church-goers. They always helped a lot. By ten o'clock all the business that came by on Sunday mornings was gone. Quickly he stacked the remaining few papers and pulled the wagon off the main street to the newspaper office.

"Bill, Mr. Norton wants to see you in his office. And right away!" This from a fellow newsboy as he approached the office. Not waiting to check in his excess papers, Bill bounded up the steps, curiosity and the weather making him hurry.

After about ten minutes, the private office door to Mr. Norton, circulation manager, opened and Bill emerged, a bewildered and vaguely unhappy expression on his face.

Closing the door after him, Mr. Norton, cigar in mouth, said to an assistant, "Now why in Sam hill do you suppose that boy refused? Here a perfectly good job is offered him, much better than selling—and he refuses. God only knows he needs the money, living like that with his grandmother. He isn't lazy, Frank, I know that. Why, Bill is one of my best newsboys—up earlier than the lot of them. And sells more papers, too! I just can't understand it," he finished, shaking his head.

Walking down the street alone the following day, Bill was confronted by several

newsboys. They were a rough bunch of smart fellows and they started ribbing him.

"Ya-ah, you an' yer pretty hands! I know why ya wouldn't take that job the boss offered ya! Yer scared a' cuttin' yer hands on them machines. Or hurtin' 'em. I seen ya always lookin' at 'em, an' keepin' 'em warm in yer pockets," said Tony, a mangy sort of individual, in a guttural voice.

"Sure, hey—I betcha he does that so's he kin hold hands with some babe. C'mon gang—why waste time on a chicken like this."

They were off, darting down the street, and talking noisily.

Bill walked on, staring ahead of him, seeing nothing. The wind blew through his blond hair, giving him a wild, dishevelled look. A bright point of color in each of his usually pale cheeks was the only evidence of anger in him. Resentment was surging through his heart, as he walked faster and faster. Unconsciously, he glanced down at his clenched fists, and stopped abruptly.

"But I can't fight them," he said lamely. Dejectedly, he dug his fists into his pockets, and walked on, savagely kicking the bright piles of fallen leaves. Coming nearer to the office, Bill noticed a large white card in the window. He walked over to it and read an announcement about a violin concert to be given by a prodigy of a retired virtuoso that evening. With shining eyes he turned from the window to go inside. Grouped about him in a semicircle was "that gang."

"I suppose 'cutie' is going to the concert tonight to sit and clap his beautiful palms for some squeakbox, hm?" queried one tough.

Tony, the leader of the bunch, gave him a disparaging look, and said "Listen, Mike, I ain't fer Bill here, but there ain't nothin' wrong wit' a violin, see?"

That night Bill dressed in his neatest clothes and dug out from under the bed his beloved violin. He fondled the case lovingly, then looked at his hands and smiled. "I don't care. I'll show them," he murmured. He went out of the house,

Continued on page 82)

Contents of a Little Boy's Pocket

by MARILYN KUHL '42

No one can ever tell
What will come from a little boy's pocket:
Marbles, string, and a bell,
And a wick from a very old rocket,

A door knob he found in the road,
A caramel he got from Benny,
And maybe a little toad,
And occasionally a penny.

There may be a hanky or two,
That has remained there for weeks;
Perhaps the heel of some old shoe,
And a hinge that's rusted and squeaks.

All this and very much more,
Including sister's old locket,
Are just some of the things to adore
From the depths of a little boy's pocket.

Old-Fashioned Beaus

by BETTY LOU CAREY '42

Bashful, backward, bewildered chap—
Wearing knee breeches and a stovepipe hat.
Bowlegged, toothless and a freckled nose—
Painful description, the old-fashioned beau's.
As he nears his sweetheart's guarded bower
All decked out with lace and flower,
His knees grow shaky, his head hangs low.
"Oh, what if Rosie should answer no?"
No flowery speeches confuse his mind,
It's "Let's get hitched, you darling of mine."
"Oh, this is so sudden," she says with a wince,
"It's only two years, my darling prince."
So slowly and surely the courtship goes,
But that was the way with the old-fashioned beaus.
But ah! Today it is merely two sighs
And my heart skips to answer the look in your eyes.

SPRING

by LAVERNE MAE HOLLY '42

I

When the violets are blooming
And the springtime air perfuming,
It is pleasant to go roaming in a garden green and fair.

II

When the larks are northward winging
And in forests gaily singing,
There's a message they are bringing, that is glad beyond compare.

III

When the breezes whisper lightly,
And the sun is shining brightly
When the winter's gloom is ended and the snowflakes drift no more,
When the willows dance a measure
And the rivers chant their pleasure,
Come the moments that we treasure, when the dreary days are o'er.

You are a German girl:

You live under the icy eyes of Adolf Hitler and his right-hand helper, Frau Gertrud Scholtz Klink, who rules the lives of German women in all things.

Your aim is to serve the Fuhrer by bearing strong children and by stoically sending these children and your husband to war.

You know that women leaders from other countries came to see the "remarkable social progress of the German women", and to meet the Fuhrer. You are taught to speak only praise of the Fuhrer.

You know that German hospitals have run out of ether. German doctors admit it.

You deeply desire a blue silk dress, with pleats and a white collar. But Frau Klink says you must wear a plain gray frock, made of substitute materials.

You would like to surprise your husband, home from the Front for the day, with ham roast for dinner. But Frau Klink says German women must serve dog meat, fox meat, or horse meat, disguised in some way. Your kitchen is in constant danger of surprise inspection by the *Frauenschaft* leaders. You dare not throw away an ounce of edible material.

You live in a totalitarian state.

You are an American girl:

Your father and mother had as much to say about electing the President as Mabel Van Snort's parents, who live on the Gold Coast. You do your own thinking. You voice your opinions publicly. At each news-stand, you observe the freedom of press. You worship as you see fit. These are your rights.

Your aim is to preserve this glorious democracy you live in, to be a well-informed, intelligent citizen.

The public schools of your nation are many, offering every possible advantage to youth.

The hospitals in your America are wonderfully equipped, sanitary, with all modern conveniences and skill.

You want a new gown, something different. Any of a large selection is offered to you in the shops you visit. And in these shops, food—any amount, or choice, or grade—is displayed for your needs.

In your kitchen, you are the ruler. No one will check on the contents of your garbage can. No one will instruct you to serve only a pound of fox meat tomorrow noon.

You select your favorite program on the radio. You tune in on foreign broadcasts.

You are a daughter of a democracy.

Would you want to

by MARY ANN HUBERTY '42

EXCHANGE APRONS?

Frugal

by LORIS HOUGHTON '42

SECOND PLACE LIMERICK (Tie)

There lived an eccentric old gent,
Who decided to live in a tent.
So tight that he squeaked,
And though the tent leaked,
He lived there to save on his rent.

One day it started to pour;
The tent began leaking more.
"I think it's a shower,"
Said old Mr. Bower,
Gazing hopefully out of the door.

But alas! for the poor old jigger,
The storm clouds only grew bigger.
The thunder did crash
And he gathered his cash,
A wet but determined old "figger."

"Ah me," said the poor old hermit,
"I'm having to get me a permit
To build a real home
On government loan;
It's mine and I don't have to earn it."

Of Age?

by ELAINE DILL '42

A young lad from North Carolina,
Liked "corn" and thought nothing was finah.
When he left the hills,
He forgot about stills,
In the north it's not sold to a minah!

Five Lines Of Nonsense
For a Limerick And A Laugh—

REDUCTIO AD

Wormy

by JANE SCHMITZ '42

SECOND PLACE LIMERICK (Tie)

There once was a little brown worm,
Who wanted to make a left turn.
He tried all day,
But to his dismay,
He only could wiggle and squirm.

Swish!

by RUTH BUTZ '42

There was a young girl named Anna
Who slipped on a juicy banana.
How the people did stare
As she flew through the air,
And she landed far west of Montana.

Special Delivery

by JEANNE McCONNELL '42

FIRST PLACE LIMERICK

A young doctor whose name was Doc Hale,
At his first operation turned pale;
He said to his wife
As he sharpened his knife,
"Well, here I go opening my male."

ABSURDUM

Barefoot Boy

by CAROLINE KREIMANN '42

There was a young man from Seleet,
Who ran around with bare feet.
When asked to tell why,
He replied with a sigh,
"It's because my toes look so sweet."

Chinese Proverb

by ELAINE KRAINIK '42

There was a young fella who would
Never do things that he should,
Everyone said
When he was dead,
"You cannot carve rotten wood."

Back Stroke

by MARION MILEY '42

The plumber called, "How is the leak?"
As he shifted his chew in his cheek.
"Well, it's not so bad,"
Quite cheerfully said Dad,
"We've only been swimming a week."

The Boss

by HAROLD SMITH '42

A man and his wife had a spat,
Said he, "Where do you think you're at?"
She brushed him aside,
And quickly replied,
"At the end of this broom, now S KEE-AT!"

A Sad Tale

by ELAINE KRAINIK '42

Powder and lipstick galore,
Bought from the ten-cent store,
It brightens and heightens
It lightens and frightens
Those nice boys away from her door.

Well, Is He?

by RUTH ROBERTS '42

There was a young fellow, named Issy,
Whose actions were perfectly dissy.
He pranced like a deer
When a filly was near;
He isn't so silly, or is he!

Impressions of Democracy

by KENNETH RUSCH '41

SECOND PLACE EDITORIAL

DEMOCRACY IS A game to me . . . a clean, fair hard game like football. It is a game played according to the rules and with sportsmanship tempering the urge of competition . . . a game which you fight hard to win, but in which you are never too busy to think of the other fellow.

Democracy is the father of creative enterprise, the god parent of universities, education, industry, and art. Democracy is freedom and freedom is one of the few things left in this world worth dying for.

Liberty means for me to come out of my Protestant church on Sunday morning and meet you coming from mass and look you in the eye and smile and say, "Good morning."

And it means that I see in the evening paper that Nelson Rockefeller received his draft questionnaire and so did Joe Doakes of Cato.

Democracy means kids playing tag at school—kids with round faces and big eyes that have never had terror put into them; kids that are waiting for tomorrow to dawn, not dreading for today to end.

Democracy is a border three thousand miles long without a single army division guarding it.

It's Bob Hope wisecracking at the President of the United States.

It's a nation at work as the steel mills at Pittsburgh flash fire through the evening skies.

It's men with sweaty bodies but smiling faces pouring from plants at the 5 o'clock whistle.

Democracy is America—for America is the one shining symbol of freedom; from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate . . . broad, mighty, glorious!

The American Way

by JOAN JAGODINSKY '43

THE SNOW fell lightly. Silence was everywhere as evening approached. The wind bit the finger-tips of the passers-by. Each person was going somewhere.

Among the passers-by, a young man distinguished himself from all the others because of the striking expression on his face. A certain hesitancy revealed that he was about to do something—something about which he was deeply concerned and apparently apprehensive.

He approached a public building, stopped before it, and then ascended the steps and entered.

Snow continued to fall silently; and in the midst of the passers-by, the young man emerged. His chin was up; his gaze was straight ahead. He looked like a man whose soul was his own.

He had cast his first ballot.

a dessertation on ICE CREAM

by MARYLYN VITS '41

ILLUSTRATED BY
MERLE HANSEN '43

THE GODS, of whom the Greeks and Romans tell, lived in a paradise above the clouds. Here Jupiter ruled supreme. In his temples were to be found all the luxuries of life. The most outstanding of these pleasures was a heavenly concoction made up of ambrosia and the nectar from the fruit of happiness.

Jupiter fell in love with a mortal. He found winning her a very hard task, regardless of his manly pulchritude and godly intelligence. To make her understand how great was his love, he brought many wonderful things from the halls of his realm.

First came a beautiful robe of moonbeams sprinkled with stars and a young crescent moon to glitter in her hair. But the girl refused to be tempted. Next, he brought a lovely necklace made from pieces of the blue sky and the golden sun. The result was still the same, and though gifts kept pouring down from the skies, they all brought negative answers.

One day, the despairing Jupiter, while eating a dish of frozen ambrosia, got the idea of taking some of his happiness food to her. At first the young mortal showed little enthusiasm, but when she had tasted one bite, she gave him the longed for reply, on the condition that she be given the recipe for the wonderful food. (Women of the earth, even in those days, were fiends for recipes.) So today we have the descendant of this dish of love, as it was thenceforth called. Of course our earthly ingredients are not ambrosia and nectar, but the product is certainly worthy of its divine beginning.

No matter what flavor, ice cream surpasses all delicacies with its delicious, sweet taste and its smooth, creamy texture. No matter how or on what it is served, it is always tops on my hit parade.

Ice cream, oh ice cream—gift of the gods!

from **Our Part In The Defense Program**

1 We all realize the significance of submarines in our program of national defense. But do we understand fully the importance of the local workman's role in building submarines right here in Manitowoc? Theirs is a work which manifests the faith America places in her laborers.

by Wallace Adams '42

from **Worry**

2 This five-letter word is the cause of more trouble than the sixteen-letter word telespectroscope. Telespectroscope is easily explained. But just how to explain the fine art of worry?

by Alice Kaufman '42

Who Knows?

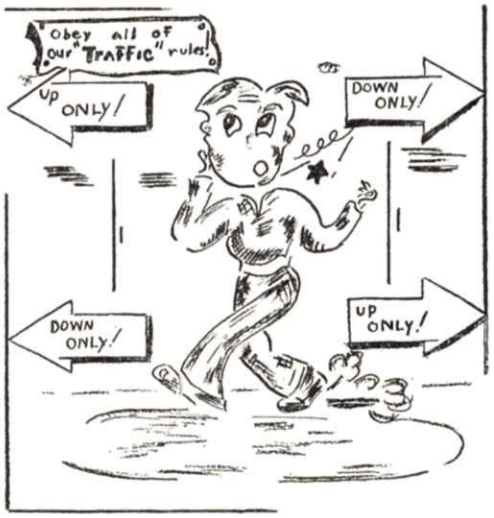
3 Wits too sharp may sometimes cut the wrong people.

by Beverly Zankle '42

4 Nowadays, people have enough troubles of their own, without seeing them on the screen or hearing about them over the radio. When the masses go to a movie, they want to escape. They want to laugh and forget.

by Marion Miley '42

BY ROBERT BUTLER '41



You

6 The time is ripe for man to learn how to get along with the fellow next door, and not think of himself as the only one necessary to keep this world going.

by Nathan Nass '41

BY VERNON SEHLOFF '41

from **Concerning Tardy Hall**

8 If some of the people can stay out of here all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, why can't all of the people stay out all of the time?

by Ruth Butz '42

Awakening

9 When I was very young I stood
Knee-deep in blue-bells on a hill,
And heard sweet music float on high,
The breathless song of the whippoorwill.

by Betty Morrisey '42

SAID IT!

from **Student Government at Lincoln**

10 Since social and economic development of the United States depends upon its youth, cultivation of democratic principles must be the keynote of education. Practice in a working democracy is imperative, if we want youth to perpetuate our American way of life.

by William Thoke '41

Hats

11 An old shoe, a piece of belt,
A little thread, some straw or felt,
A rooster's tail or fur from a cat,
Are all you need to make a hat.

by Janice Tidmarsh '42

12 In spite of the fact that democracy had its birth in Athens, the Greeks are fighting today, not to preserve that type of government which their ancestors formulated, but fighting to protect a monarchy from the threats of a dictatorship.

by Marvin Pankratz '42

from **This Search for Happiness**

13 A deep peace, a joy in living will be yours if you only make your happiness right in your own home, your own neighborhood, and your own country.

by June Jole '42

Reducing?

15 Just think! Even men are plotting how they can reduce "wastes" in the United States.

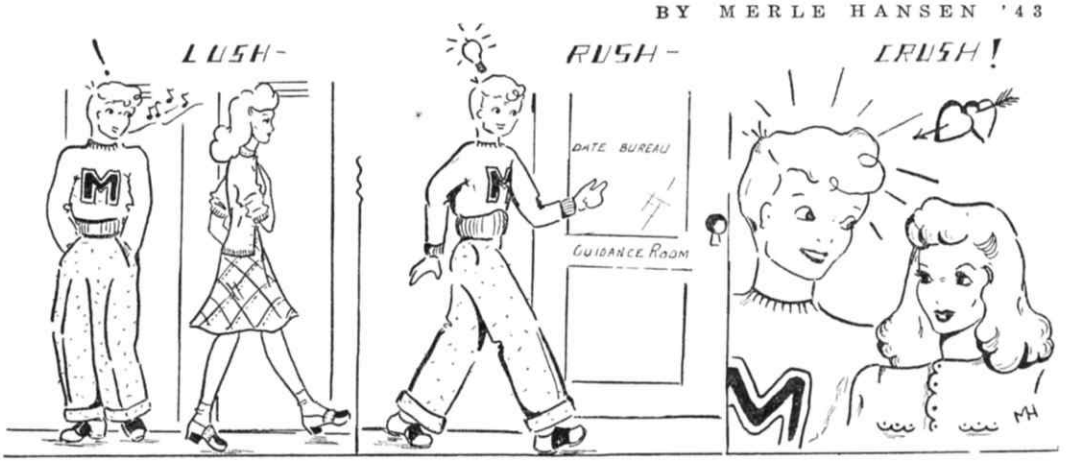
by Ruth Schumacher '42

BY PAULINE FRANZ '43

17 A smile is the cheapest thing there is, but it's worth a million in friends and happiness.

by Jane Hertel '42

BY MERLE HANSEN '43



Now they'll wait even longer for their

HOMECOMING

by JEANNE McCONNELL '42

THE OCTOBER sunshine enveloped the afternoon. The figure walking down the dusty country road paused under the shade of a tree to wipe his brow and peer at a torn map he pulled from the pocket of his shabby jacket.

"A mite further up the road—should be."

His weary shoulders shrugged as he took up the pack he had temporarily dropped. Continuing up the road, he viewed the surrounding countryside tinted with a glow of orange and yellow, and something like contentment shown in his eyes. A flock of birds flew by overhead, and he watched their departure. Happy! He had never been more happy than now, for he was returning home—home to Ella and the children. Soon he would see the top of the house and his steps quickened at the thought. So happy was he at the prospect of what lay ahead of him that he didn't hear the rumble of the oncoming truck. They didn't see him either until it was too late, when the sickening thud of his body brought them to their senses.

"Dead, Joe! Deader than a door nail! What'll we do? Huh? Joe?"

"Shut up, Kid! Ya didn't see nothin'. See? Come on and hurry up before someone comes!"

With a push, the driver sent the young boy sprawling on the car seat. He started the motor fiercely, and its answering roar carried them over the gravel, sped them on desperately. Inside the car the boy sobbed and turned to Joe.

"Lemme off home—Joe. My Pa's comin' home today. I ain't seen him fer three years and I gotta fix fer him."

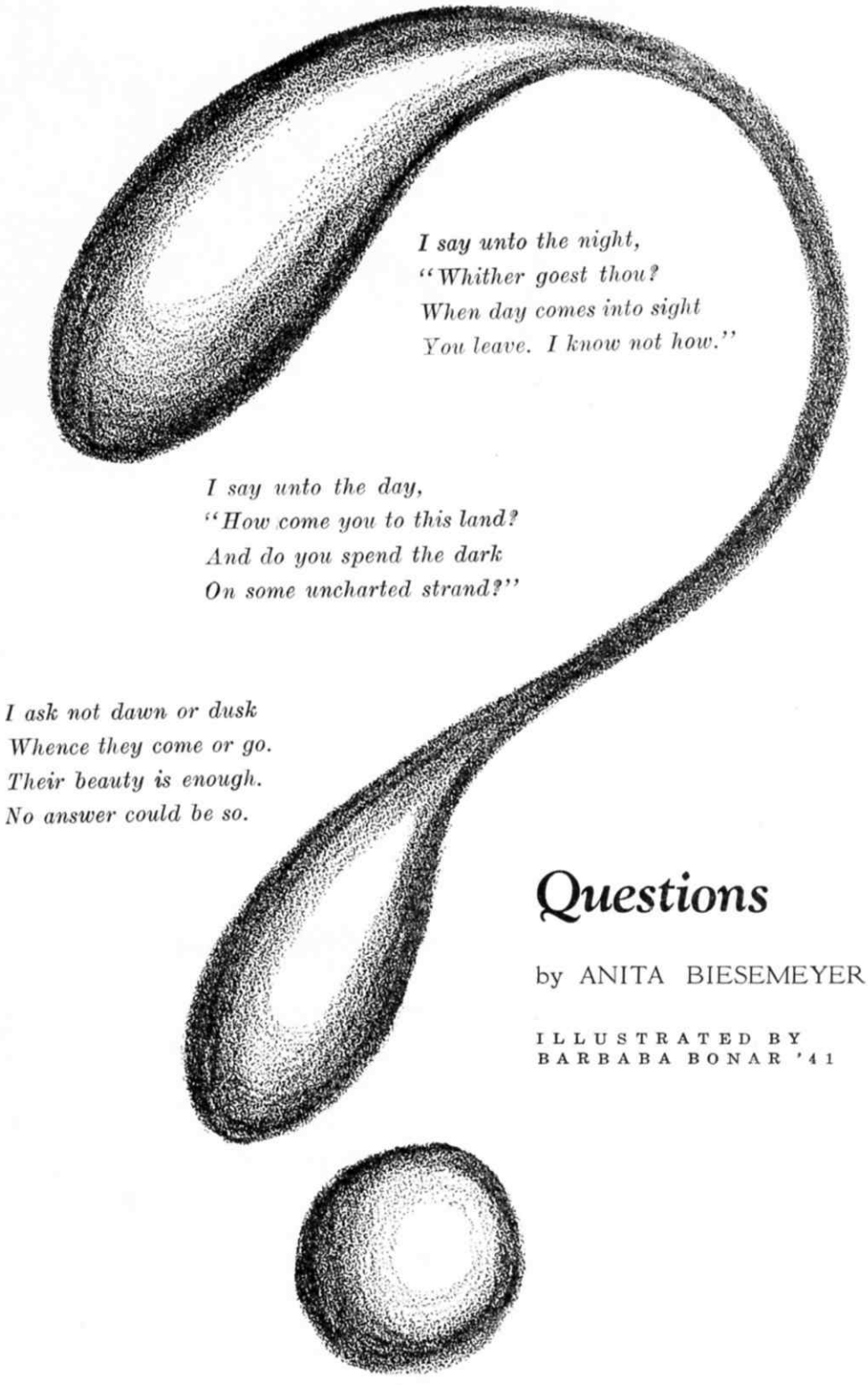
The figure lying in the road didn't move.

Morning - - Lake Michigan

by HELEN WALLACE '41

The sapphire sky meets glassy swells
Which roll to shores of sparkling snow,
An ice-clad ship steams into port—
I hear a frosty whistle blow.

And soaring o'er the peaceful scene
A sea gull utters rasping cries.
Glassy swells slip in to shore,
Mirroring the sapphire skies.



I say unto the night,
"Whither goest thou?
When day comes into sight
You leave. I know not how."

I say unto the day,
"How come you to this land?
And do you spend the dark
On some uncharted strand?"

I ask not dawn or dusk
Whence they come or go.
Their beauty is enough.
No answer could be so.

Questions

by ANITA BIESEMEYER '41

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBABA BONAR '41

Time For A Quick One

by Margaret Fishback

by KENNETH RUSCH '41

FIRST PLACE REVIEW

Time for a Quick One — under the intriguing title, scintillating Margaret Fishback has put 145 entertaining little verses into book form. An impressionist, Mrs. Fishback's verse is often false, her meter frequently much too short, but still she makes you like it.

If you are one of the moderns who never takes time to absorb poetry, here is a book on which you may start. The collection is filled with interesting little quirks, descriptions, and philosophy.

However, it manages to be light, a little ironic, and never, you may be sure, dull.

Extremely modern, the collection gives a slightly metallic effect at times. As the title implies, it is a book to be read on the run, rather than to be company on a long evening. If you do read it in a sitting, you become conscious of a sameness in poems of the various groupings.

Mrs. Fishback's wit is unsurpassable, however. And she can vary it with sentiment, sometimes strangely compelling despite the casual tone. "Case History" is typical of the clever humorous poems included.

He's tired because he drinks too much,
He drinks because he's tired.
Because he drinks he gets in Dutch.
Then drinks because he's fired.

And "Lovelorn Maiden's Prayer" is touching in its own way.

I'm far too faithful, I suppose,
And why I should be, Heaven knows;
So, God, please teach me how to be
As unreliable as he.
Teach me, God, the hateful art
Of bruising his capricious heart
Although I am aware I may
Not find much happiness that way.

If those two poems don't convince you this is pleasurable reading, even to confirmed prose-addicts, then of course you won't like it.

Time for a Quick One is a delightful book that lives up to the promise of its title.

I recommend among books

How Green Was My Valley

by Richard Llewellyn

reviewed by ROSALIE KUTIL '42

How Green Was My Valley, a simple tale of Welsh miners and their family life, describes a once prosperous mining district that is now a shocking blot on the map of Great Britain. There has been no employment for the miners and their sons who live there, this decade and more.

The story centers around Huw, the youngest son in a miner's family. His father did not discourage his son's fighting, rather promised him a shilling for every black eye and a sixpence for every nosebleed—for it was up to people to fight for their lives in the mining district. Through Huw the reader learns to understand the quickhearted mother, the heroic father, the sons who rebel against conditions prevailing in the mines, the courtships and bean feasts which brighten their lives, and the admirable qualities of the neighbors and associates of this family. Through Huw, the reader sees the miners drop their earnings of gold coins into the white aprons of their women folk; and smells the boiled trout, the blackberry pie and brandy broth.

With the emotion of death, of desperate strikes and hunger, of song festivals, of youthful passion, all these experiences flow through the memory of the narrator and into the reader's consciousness with extraordinary directness and reality that make *How Green Was My Valley* satisfying reading.

Want - - A Pawnbroker's Shop
by Frank Hall

by DONNA JULE CORRELLO '41

A blank canvas, a few oils, and an idea—that is what Hall uses to express, with careful manipulation, the inside of a pawnbroker's shop, where poverty, musty odors, yet great beauty, combine to form a whole.

A woman, worn by worldly toil and hunger, offers a few faded rags to a sallow attendant, probably to buy some food for the small infant she is carrying in her black shawl.

An aged man, stooped, dressed in clothes of drab color, an object of pity, stands waiting at one side. He is heavily bearded and of serious intent.

Directly behind him is a splash of color, a bowl in the shade of old blue stands on the dim chest of drawers.

In the opposite corner of the room the mellow golden-brown of a cello blends with the dim interior to carry the atmosphere of the pawnbroker's shop to reality.

Propped against the side of the table is a Bible, opened to the flyleaf of the New Testament. The words are printed in artistic Old English type. People even take their Bibles to the pawnshop!

Near the Bible is another blue bowl—old and worn.

When you are looking at the picture, you feel as if you were in the pawnshop and that the characters are living creatures in front of you.

The magnificent detail, the fine use of color, the blending contour of the figures are thrilling to behold. You forget that this is but an illustration. There is that certain something that makes this oil painting a living masterpiece, executed by an artist of genius.

My choice is art or humor

I Lost My English Accent
by C. V. R. Thompson

by JANE SCHMITZ '42
SECOND PLACE REVIEW

A topic which will never fail to provoke argument is that of the English and their failure to appreciate a good joke. However, the English come to their own defense in C. V. R. Thompson's *I Lost My English Accent* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) which quite assures the American people that a sense of humor can exist even among Englishmen.

The boomerang hurls itself back at the publication *With Malice Toward Some*, and the British retort is mighty amusing.

The book deals with Mr. Thompson's coming over to the United States as a reporter for The Daily Express and his quizzical attitude toward the whole business of Americans. Before he arrives in New York, he is under the impression of "having to carry a gun to buy a pound of spinach." How he meets the President and a gangster on the same day, his impression of Palm Beach, and of course, the American women, all make the book a delightful reading enjoyment.

Incidentally, he marries a red-headed girl named Dixie Tighe, a newspaper artist like himself. And she makes him her husband. Therefore he doesn't see America through his English accent, but through the mirror at the Stork Club. His progress develops along these lines until he is actually making fun of the British himself.

You see yourself as others see you. Englishmen without a sense of humor? Nix!

Made To Live In

by BONNIE LUDWIG '41

Note: In history class, fifteen minutes is taken from one day each week for students to give talks on "What I Think Democracy Is."

DEMOCRACY, what is it? Why, that's something the people of the United States take for granted. One hundred and sixty-five years ago our forefathers fought for it, and we have had it ever since. We have been brought up with it, it is with us always.

Democracy takes part in the conversation at every family gathering. It talks across the dinner table, and raises a quiet voice during holidays.

Democracy writes the newspapers. Every morning and night it faithfully, accurately, and in an unbiased fashion, recounts the happening of the day from all over the world. It helps us mold opinions and make decisions, but it never forces us to agree.

Democracy believes in God. Every Sunday it walks close beside us and sits next to us in church. It listens attentively to every word the minister speaks, but never rises up and shouts, "You can't say that!"

Democracy walks the halls of the school and enters every classroom.

Democracy casts a secret ballot for its choice of a leader.

Democracy is heard on the air waves, morning, noon, and night.

Democracy preaches for the rights of the people.

Democracy is not an uncommon thing. Every one sees it, thinks it, says it—anytime, any place, with any one. That is, every one in the United States does. We believe in democracy. We believe in rule by the will of the majority.

Refugees's Home

by LORIS HOUGHTON '42

Into the smooth of the harbor,
  Its journey of mercy complete
To deliver its precious cargo,
  Comes proudly the queen of the fleet.

Anxiously searching, youthful eyes
  Become hopeful, viewing the land
Of friends, who, seeing the worn-torn homes,
  Reach out a helping hand.

H NOTHING

ILLUSTRATED BY MERLE HANSEN '43

by ELAINE DILL '42

It's just not there and that's final! You start out and it's perfect; by the time you've had a snack it's only half there; and when you've had your fill it's gone! A small bit of nothingness that seems to be surrounded by a circle of matter. It's not a vacuum; there's air there. It's not to be seen, but it's there, at least at first. You can poke you finger through it and not disturb it. Yet if you take some of the matter surrounding it away, it's only half there.

Funny thing! Can't be understood! Scientists, doctors, lawyers, chemists—none can figure it out. Peculiar thing, it tastes good, but there's nothing to taste; it looks good, but there's nothing to see. Really, it is deceiving. First it's there, then it's not.

Well, no one ever did understand what makes the hole in a doughnut a hole anyway.

Obit. 1920-1941

by BERNICE RAPP '43

A PARODY

Johnny had a little Ford,
The car was banged and battered.
Everywhere that Johnny went,
The Ford was all that mattered.

It was a '20 model,
Which merely crawled along.
Before you saw the Ford approach,
You heard its chugging song.

He took the Ford to school one day,
But didn't break a rule.
Still everybody laughed to see
That crazy car at school.

But life in Johnny's Ford was short,
It ended in a heap.
It fell apart upon a hill,
That must have been too steep.

America In Review

by OLIVE JAGODINSKY '43

Fascination is the spice of life. Spectacular display attracts young and old alike. Should a uniformed regiment of United States troops be scheduled to parade past Times Square in New York City, thousands would throng the streets, eager to witness the event.

I wonder how many of these same persons are aware that a more magnificent spectacle is passing this intersection continuously each day of the year. The constant stream of human beings, each intent upon his own business, seemingly unaware of the hurrying, jostling crowd about him —this is undoubtedly a parade, the equal of which will never be marching through any specified street at a specific hour. Unfortunately, this parade is seldom realized. And yet, what a wealth of understanding could be had by watching, unnoticed for a few minutes, the hustling multitudes at a metropolitan intersection.

Every phase of American life is represented here. Rich and poor are without distinction. Socialites, washer-women, business executives, and pickpockets, all pass unheeded. Strange that each facial expression betrays some emotion.

How sophisticated the business woman, just passing, appears unless you saw the genial smile she gave the policeman yonder.

Pathetic indeed is the little old lady in foreign dress and woebegone countenance. Tragedy has evidently played an important part in her life, and left traces of its presence in her bearing.

You can't take that tall man with the "ten gallon" hat for an Easterner. It's probably his first visit to a large city. If he should speak, it would be with a drawling Texas accent. One can almost feel sure of it; this gift of judging people is assuredly another reward of observance.

Just three brief portraits, three of millions of pedestrians, each a picturesque individual having a unique personality. A haven for a dreamer? Yes, but more than that, a symbol of America whose greatest claim to glory is the harmonious melding of literally "every people under the sun."

March on, America, with this unexcelled review!

Song Of The Lark

by JANE HERTEL '42

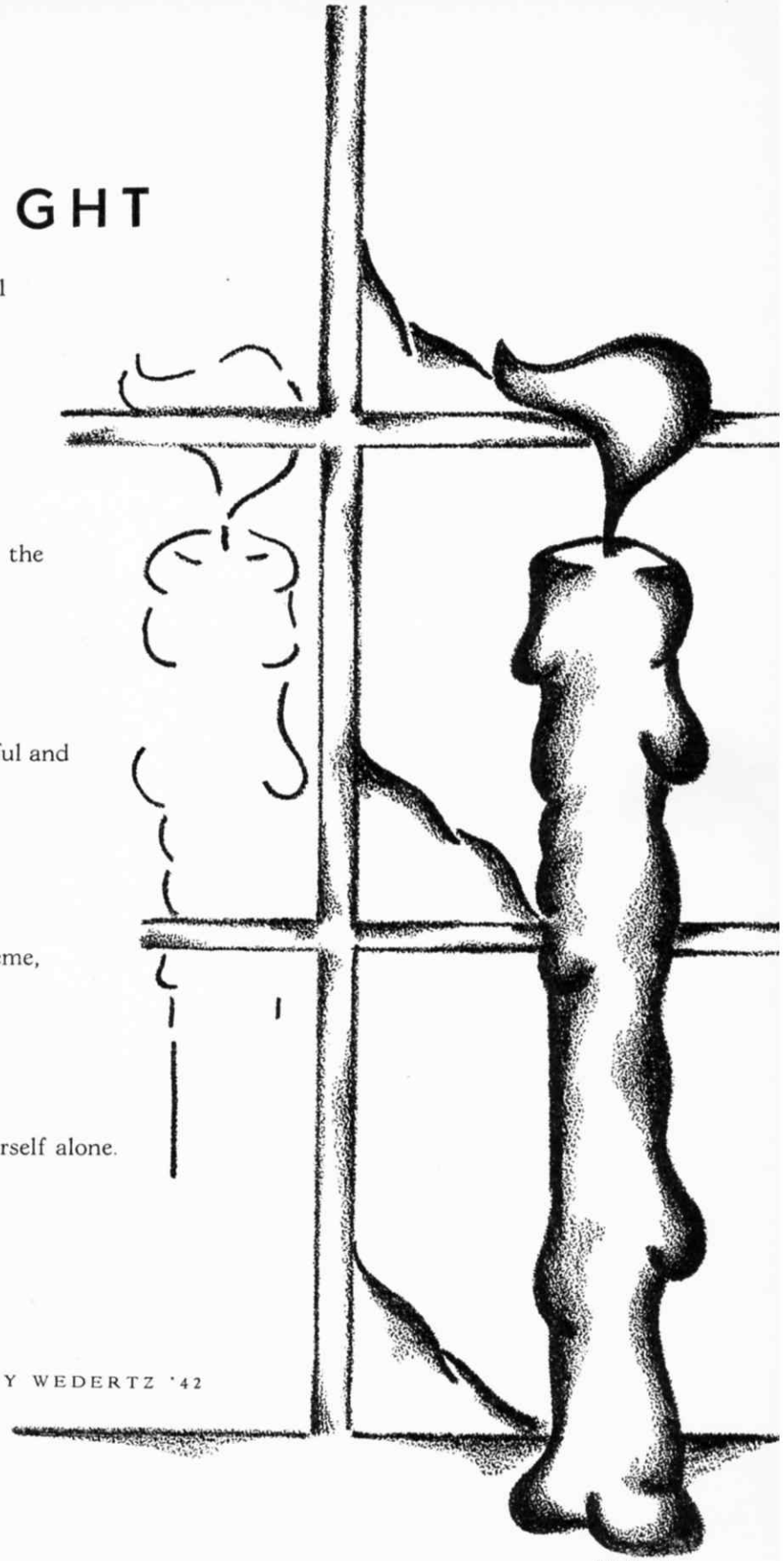
Sweet, mellow notes
Floating tenderly here,
As drifting boats
Or a falling tear—

Inspiration for him,
A tired vagabond,
Strengthening his limb
For roads beyond.

CANDLELIGHT

by WILLIAM JOHNSON '41

A light to Man,
You have followed him through the centuries.
As a trusted servant,
Your memory lingers,
No age is able to erase.
So small a world
Is yours, yet you remain cheerful and bright,
Content with small pleasures,
You shine for some one else,
A light made by His hands.
It seems so queer,
Yours is a determination supreme,
Nervous and excited
By the least felt breeze,
Yet fighting to the last.
Clear, bright, cheerful,
Mellow with love, not for yourself alone.
You are what we will be
When we, too, learn to live
In worlds of candlelight.



ILLUSTRATED BY SHIRLEY WEDERTZ '42

CAMOUFLEUR

by MARY POLLOCK '43

Fall cool, clean snow
Upon the feverish wounds of earth;
Cover the ugliness man leaves upon the land;
Let there remain no hideous, telltale scar;
Whiten the burned and shell torn wastes;
And blanket, oh so gently, all those unmarked graves.

COMPLEX TO COMPLETE

by RENE SCHWALBE '42

Nerve racking? Terrible! Every nerve in my body is as tense as a violin string. Authorities say the nervous system of a human being is much like a telegraph system. If this is true, whoever operates the communication system inside my dilapidated carcass, must be working overtime.

Thoughts, oh I have many thoughts, but they come and go like the snowflakes that drop exhausted to nowhere. Trying to catch one of these gallant knights in white is much the same as trying to snare some of these ideas. They just melt away before you can grasp them.

Twelve of us are in a like predicament. We volunteered to escape that dreaded draft. Once we were free to do as we desired, but that is no longer true, at least not for "daze and daze". Now valuable hours are sacrificed for the cause, torturing hours for most of us. Many are the groans of the agonized twelve as they struggle on. There is still hope, but alas, that fatal day must arrive despite any human efforts to hinder its oncoming. Reminder, reminder, that everlasting reminder of the nearness of that fatal day!

We all realize only too well the awful thing we must complete before that certain time. Many restless nights I toss as if I am lying on a bed of hot coals, and my only comfort is that constant movement from side to side. My every motion is hounded by the thing that will not leave me no matter where I go or what I do. At the end of the day I feel like a collapsed accordian.

How wonderful it would be to go to a movie or a dance! Duty does come before pleasure though, and here am I with just vague recollections of those joys I once shared. It seems rather ironical the way I strive to do what is expected of me, or am I truly going mad? It has happened you know, people overstraining their minds to attain a goal. Honor, of course, is the true reward I may receive, but I cannot pay my way out of a sanitarium with honor. Loss of eyesight may result, but what are a few eyes? I can buy a reasonably similar facsimile to decorate the front of my cranium if I lose my original copy.

Oh, how I wish that dreadful task were over. I wonder what the other eleven from my English class are writing about?

Shadows

dance grotesquely to create a world of mystery

by CAROLL SCHROEDER '41

It was 8 p. m. It had, since early afternoon, been raining, a steady, slow, dreary rain, but now it turned into a storm. Power lines were blown down, electricity disrupted, and for many blocks around, houses were in complete darkness. All the buildings stood, resembling great giants, against the lightning-splashed sky. Only one had light, candlelight, in one of the center windows and it resembled a one-eyed giant.

The room, in which the candle burned, was a grotesque thing and contained many pieces of furniture dating back to the colonial period. There seemed to be no one in the room except an old man seated in a wing chair before an unlighted fireplace. The candle flickered, and in its feeble light, nothing had definite shape or form; everything was cloaked in shadows and stillness. The wind, which howled fiercely outside, was barely audible because of the solid and sturdy construction of this building and except for this faint sound, the room had the stillness of death about it.

Then, somewhere in this massive building, a clock chimed the quarter hour and when the last sounds had died away another sound was heard, this time within the room. It was a shuffling sound. Someone was moving about, but because of the candlelight and deep shadows, nothing could be seen clearly. The sound continued and then a man's figure crossed one of the streaks of candlelight and advanced toward the old man, who hadn't moved in his chair. He advanced quietly, slowly, until he stood in front of him. With his hands at his sides, he surveyed the old man with a scrutinizing eye.

The old man did not move, and then the figure raised a large object which he held in his right hand. He raised it above his head, but because of the shadows, it was impossible to see what it was. The candle flickered and the flame was so low the room was almost in total darkness. During that time, a soft thudding sound broke the stillness of the room as the figure rained blow after blow upon the old man. The flame of the candle regained its strength and the shadows in the room disappeared. The two men formed a dark tableau.

The man in the chair sat as he had before, and stillness prevailed. The shadow cloaked figure breathed deeply into the silence. There was then a sigh of satisfaction from him and as he spoke, his words cut the air like a knife, "Now that finishes him, two more and my work shall be done for tonight."

The candle continued to flicker and again all was quiet except for the shuffling sound of the caretaker, going about his work of keeping the wax figures in the museum clean and free from dust with his feather duster.

SCARED

by BARBARA BONAR '41

It was dark;
It was night;
I was scared.

You were there;
You were calm;
I was soothed.

all in the line

by Two Nautical Lasses
Merle Hansen '43
Bonnie Ludwig '41

They're going to go in a big way for just gobs of it . . . they aren't at all slow on the uptake . . . . they haven't any mistaken ideas about goblets . . . . they forsee a big year, this 1941.

SHE's one of the nieces and the cousins by the dozens who think that Uncle Sam is really marvelous and especially does she agree with him about the idea of increasing our NAVY because she thinks the NAVY is really super . . . those flashy dress uniforms catch her eye and that eyeful takes in all the details including the quality of the gold braid on the starboard sleeve.

HE indulges in a little day-dreaming and wishes he could grow a couple years and enlist . . . he isn't in the running with his crew cut; he needs a white sailcloth job tipped at a rakish angle to top it off . . . he knows there's something about the fit of a dark blue middie and swing pants that really has class, and the way

# of Defense

they fit can make Superman look sick.

SHE thinks those dresses with gold braid for trimming or sailor collars are just too divine, and the way dark blue flatters makes it smooth . . . pins and stars with nautical ensigns are quite the rage . . . just because she wears a pin doesn't mean she's anchcored down; she's not above a little wolfing.

HE likes the new lines of sailor dresses and pronounces sentence with, "Pretty neet" . . . he likes the show of patriotism and carefully rehashes his Boy Scout salute, making it nice and snappy . . . he devours all books and movies with a salty taste and shows a new interest in math and science when he learns that it really rates in the NAVY.

But mostly THEY go to school . . . in history they learn that the NAVY is our first line of defense . . . Uncle Sam needn't worry about his NAVY, just take a gander at all the nautical kids!

John Hewitt's thrilling tale made a very - - -

Special Broadcast

IT HAD BEEN a hard day for Mars. Even now, laboriously removing his hob-nailed boots, the old god laughed evilly to himself, well satisfied with the bloody panorama he had seen in Europe these past few hours.

But suddenly he halted with his hairy leg in mid-air. He cocked his head and listened. And as he listened, his bejowled jaws, his flashing eyes grew black with a fury that shook the heavens . . .

* * *

John Hewitt of the American Broadcasting System sat quietly at a desk, with his eyes on his wrist watch. Through the window overlooking the European city the streets looked cold, gray, and deserted. A woman trudged below the window carrying a bundle of vegetables. Down the avenue two little boys were playing on the sidewalk. A young girl in a bright plaid jacket stepped briskly down the street, evidently on some errand.

The signal came through and John Hewitt went on the air. You know what he was about to say, you've heard reports like it dozens of times. But suddenly there was the drone of airplanes, seconds before the shrill air raid siren sounded. The reporter snapped off the mike and glanced at the engineer.

"Doesn't make any difference in the daytime," shouted the engineer. "They'll find us anyhow if they want us!"

Hewitt took the microphone, leapt to the window, and threw it open. Then he went into action. Before his eyes he saw the children blown to bits as they ran toward their house. He saw the bombers swoop down, hundreds of them, to lay the work of years in ruin. One zoomed above the avenue, spitting machine gun fire. When it had gone, the bag of vegetables lay sprawled pathetically in the gutter and the red plaid of the girl's jacket was even more red.

The war reporter saw all this and he told it simply, sadly. He told of the young pup, mangled to a pulp, running down the street. He saw a bomb drop on the little clock shop where he had had his wrist watch repaired yesterday. A cuckoo sounded crazily as the place crumbled. He told of the gentle old man who had run the shop.

John Hewitt was making the broadcast of the year, giving a picture story complete in every horrifying detail.

He looked again at the red plaid jacket and told of the glory of fighting.

He looked again at the vegetables in the gutter and told how brave war and its combatants are.

He looked at the hole where the children had been and told of the wonderful monuments that would be built.

His voice had grown angry now, rising to a crescendo. He described the demolishing of the university buildings down the square and told how far civilization had progressed. On and on he went, while destruction rained all about him—now louder, now softer.

LOST

by ROBERT BUTLER '41

Ships lost:
New ships, strong and sturdy,
Vital ships,
Lost with men,
Men with anguished hearts.

Men lost:
Many men, loved and loving,
Faithful men,
Lost in seas,
Seas of raging foam.

Hearts lost:
Many hearts, old and young,
Who wait at home,
Lost and unfed,
Mourn love with yearning hearts.

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by KENNETH RUSCH '41 — SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY (Tie)

He pleaded, "When will men learn to live together, not to kill those they do not hate—?" John Hewitt had ended his broadcast. For the heap of concrete and steel that fell over him and his colleagues must crush even such indomitable spirit . . .

* * *

In the Times Square lunchroom two announcers sat over coffee. "Why didn't Hewitt's war broadcast come in tonight?" asked the first.

The second drank some coffee and then answered, "Sunspots again. They've been coming pretty often lately. Can't get a thing from Europe." . . .

The gang at Mary Drew's house was glad when the announcer said he regretted Hewitt's war broadcast would not be presented due to technical interference. Now the gang could dance to some good orchestra music! . . .

The lights burned late in the Chancellery in Berlin and in No. 10 Downing Street in London. . . .

* * *

And Mars now went back to his couch chuckling gleefully. Sunspots, eh? If they only knew. Yes, it had been a hard day, Mars cheerfully reflected as he finally lay down to sleep.

Today

by BETTY HOCKING '41

The frenzied cadence
Of modern jazz bands
Beats a savage tempo
For the feet of carefree pleasure-hunters
In a nation of freedom and peace.

The torturing rumble
Of man's tools of destruction..
Beats a steady tatoo
For the ears of suffering multitudes
In nations of hatred and grief.

And yet the world moves on!

UNDER THE OLD CHESTNUT TREE

by DONALD GENTGEN '42

When I saw old William McNabe sitting under the chestnut tree in his front yard, I turned in to talk with him. He was always so human and he understood everything so well. His was the ideal life, unhurried and without trouble.

As I approached Old William, he closed his book slowly, laid it casually on his knee.

"Glad to see you, Henry. Glad to see you. I never have much chance to talk with you. You usually streak by as if you were going to a fire." There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he spoke. "Have you something on your mind?"

"No, not exactly. I was just wondering how you can go on, day after day, without getting fussed up like the rest of us. There's so much news of war and politics and crime."

"Yes, I know, I know. War and crime, crime and war. If it's not the radio, it's the newspaper. And if it's not the newspaper, it's the radio. It keeps people all on edge." Pointing to an old chair, he said, "Have a seat, Henry. I've got something to say to you."

He waited for me to be seated.

"You probably have noticed how excited everybody is lately. The trouble is they see only the things that stir them up, and they are blind to everything else. Of course I am no philosopher, if that is what you call those people, but I do considerable thinking of my own. I've come to realize that if you spend a little less time with radios and newspapers and a lot of time with your own thinking and with quiet reading, you're a heap better off."

I was going to ask him about the book he was reading, but he held up a silencing hand and pointed to some school children who were going past.

"Isn't it great to live in a country where we can still see sights like this? Happy children! Our flag, waving on top the old courthouse. Boy, it sure is great!"

"Henry," he turned to me thoughtfully. "That's the spirit we need in this western world."

Old William stroked his chin. "You've got to have that spirit. Shall we call it a concern for others? It's what makes this country a great place to live in."

"Tell me, William, where did you get this idea about that spirit and a better way of life? Did you get it from that book you're always reading?"

William looked at me. His eyes were filled with the wisdom of age.

"All I ever knew and all I know now, I got from this book. And this book is the Bible."

Old William, whom few people really knew, but every one loved, opened the Book and continued reading.

Announcing the winners

RESULTS OF MANITOU WRITING CONTEST

EDITORIAL

First Place: **Youth Looks Ahead**.....Kenneth Rusch, '41
Second Place: **Impressions of Democracy**.....Kenneth Rusch, '41

Honorable Mention:

Olive Jagodinsky, '43
Bonnie Ludwig, '41
Philemon Hensel, '41
June Jole, '42
William Thoke, '41
William Johnson, '41
Mildred Peterson, '41
Betty Marie Schmidt, '41
Marylyn Vits, '41
Jeanette Ketter, '42
Anita Biesemeyer, '41
Doris Vetting, '41

ESSAY

First Place: **On the Mechanization of Civilization**.....Kenneth Rusch, '41
Second Place: **What a Night!**.....Alice Lindroth, '41

Honorable Mention:

Howard Goodhew, '41
G. William Fechter, '41
Jane Schmitz, '42
Rene Schwalbe, '42
Anita Biesemeyer, '41
Bonnie Ludwig, '41
Helen Wallace, '41
Philemon Hensel, '41
Elaine Dill, '42
Robert Butler, '41
Jeanne McConnell, '42
Donna Jule Corrello, '41
Bette Marie Schmidt, '41
Marylyn Vits, '41
Wilbert McCarthy, '41

LIMERICK

First Place: **Special Delivery**.....Jeanne McConnell, '42
Second Place: **Frugal**.....Loris Houghton, '42
(A tie) **Wormy**.....Jane Schmitz, '42

Honorable Mention:

Marion Miley, '42
Ruth Roberts, '42
Donald Gentgen, '42
Elaine Dill, '42
Elaine Krainik, '42
Bernice Rapp, '43
Betty Rudolph, '43
Jeanne McConnell, '42
Mary Ann Huberty, '42
Laura June Waak, '43
Loris Houghton, '42
Patricia Bonar, '43
Alice Kaufman, '42
Robert Schuh, '42
Ruth Zellers, '42
Agnes Kaufmann, '43

PHOTOGRAPHY

First Place: .....James Stein, '41
Second Place: .....James Stein, '41

Honorable Mention:

James Stein, '41
G. William Fechter, '41
Robert Butler, '41

POETRY

First Place: **Discovery**.....Jeanne McConnell, '42
Second Place: **Vade Retro Me, Hiems**.....Philemon Hensel, '41

Honorable Mention:

Bonnie Ludwig, '41
William Johnson, '41
Helen Wallace, '41
Marilyn Kuhl, '42
Robert Butler, '41
Anita Biesemeyer, '41
Loris Houghton, '42
Evangeline Klein, '43
Mary Pollock, '43
Bernice Rapp, '43
Philemon Hensel, '41
June Jole, '42
Betty Hocking, '41
Barbara Bonar, '41

REVIEW

First Place: **Time For a Quick One**.....Kenneth Rusch, '41
Second Place: **I Lost My English Accent**.....Jane Schmitz, '42

Honorable Mention:

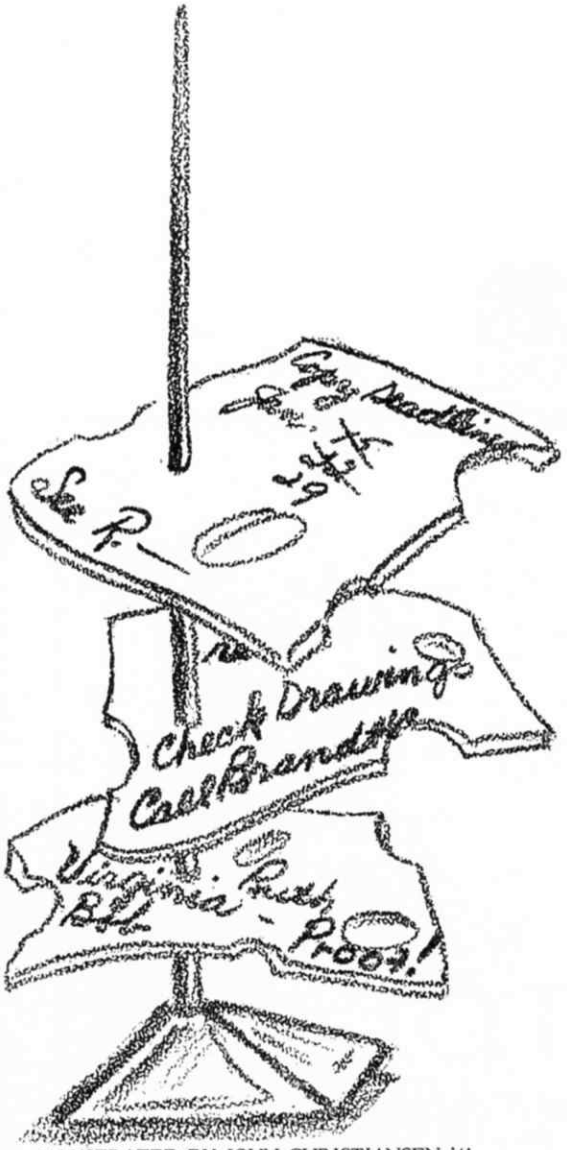
Donna Jule Corrello, '41
Kenneth Rusch, '41
Rosalie Kutil, '42
Bonnie Ludwig, '41
Philemon Hensel, '41
G. William Fechter, '41
William Thoke, '41
Jeanne McConnell, '42
June Jole, '42

(Continued on page 51)

MEMO: staff, make final check on 1941 Manitou copy

LITERARY

Editor: Bonnie Ludwig
Associates: Robert Butler, Roland Gaedke, Ruth Schumacher, Virginia Tomcheck.
Art: Barbara Bonar, John Christiansen, Pauline Franz, Merle Hansen, William Schultz, Vernon Sehloff, Shirley Wedertz.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CHRISTIANSEN '41

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Advertising Managers: Carol Krohn, Jeanne McConnell
Associates: Betty Hocking, Loris Houghton, Ruth Weinert, Elaine Winter, Lorraine Powalish, Rosalie Kutil, Jane Hertel, Mary Claire Barnes, Mary Ann Huberty, Elaine Dill, Jeanne Myers, Marian Stangel, Ruth Butz, Mary Trombla, Mary Ellen Zingsheim, William Donohue, Dorothy Vandenbusch, Marion Mackmiller, Donna Jule Corrello, Jean Mangin, William Hansen, Helen Jeanne Ledvina, Eleanor Osieczanek, Audrey Plautz, Bettymae Silbersack.

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Assistant: Donald Mueller

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Sales: Erwin Meser

General Adviser: Margaret Reuter
Art Adviser: Cletta Pultz

Announcing the winners

(*Continued from page 49*)

SHORT STORY

First Place: **The Refugee**.....Kenneth Rusch, '41
Second Place: **Nocturne**.....Ruth Butz, '42
(A tie) **Special Broadcast**.....Kenneth Rusch, '41
Honorable Mention:

Howard Goodhew, '41
Jeanne McConnell, '42
Helen Wallace, '41
Mary Ann Huberty, '42
Jane Schmitz, '42
Marian Stangel, '41
Mercedes Boucher, '42
June Jole, '42
Louise Gleichner, '42

SKETCH

First Place: **Make-Believe**.....Helen Wallace, '41
Second Place: **Acting With the Great Profile**.....G. William Fechter, '41
Honorable Mention:

Olive Jagodinsky, '43
Mary Ann Huberty, '42
Joan Jagodinsky, '43
Jeanne McConnell, '42
Elaine Dill, '42
Robert Butler, '41
Elmer Weiter, '43
Laura June Waak, '43
Helen Wallace, '41
Anita Biesemeyer, '41
Donald Gentgen, '42
Caroll Schroeder, '41
Ruth Butz, '42
Adelia Altergott, '42

ADVERTISING

First Place: .....Betty Hocking, '41
Second Place: .....Loris Houghton, '42

COMMITTEE ON JUDGING

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Janet Strathearn
Clara Amundson
Lillian Miegel
Edwin Erickson
Noble Anderson
Cleeta Pultz
Rex John
Clementine Dolan
Muriel Batz

Verna Rudolph, Statistician

Fit as a Fiddle and Ready for Work!

After dinner tonight, take a run down town, see a good show and lose yourself from the hectic day just passed.

You'll leave the theatre refreshed and ready for a good night's sleep.

The next morning you'll be fit as a fiddle and ready for work.

CAPITOL

The Amusement Center of Manitowoc

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Recorder of Judgments and Liens, etc.
Alimony Department
Naturalization and Passport Agency

County Coroner
DR. THEODORE TEITGEN

County Treasurer
RAY McCARTHY
Collects delinquent real estate
and personal property taxes.
Receives all money due the county.
Gives out all county checks.

County Surveyor
GEORGE V. KAPITZ
Room 5 — Odd Fellows Bldg.

County Clerk
ALBERT W. TETZLAFF

Veteran Service Officer
T. C. ECKHART
Attends to all veteran affairs.

County Probate Court
Presided over by
JUDGE E. S. SCHMITZ

District Attorney
JOHN DANIELSON

Municipal Court
Presided over by
JUDGE O. T. BREDESEN

County Supt. of Schools
E. S. MUELLER

Sheriff of Manitowoc County
ELMER BERGNER

Register of Deeds
JOSEPH M. ZAHORIK
Custodian of all records pertaining to real
and personal estate, birth, death, and mar-
riage records, and soldiers' discharges.

Queer Fancies

by EVANGELINE KLEIN '43

I love to sit on the sandy beach
Awatching the ships sail by;
And the driftwood that the sun has bleached
Comes ashore on the wings of the tide.

The driftwood bleached to a sandy white
Acoming ashore to me.
If only it would tell of its flight,
And the trip on the wild, blue sea.

But when the fire of driftwood burns,
'Tis then I see in the light,
All the tales the watcher learns
From the driftwood bleached so white.

'Tis the mermaid herself I see in the fire,
Her beautiful hair in the flames;
And all the fishes dance to the lyre,
While the bugs play water games!

'Tis an odd thing imagination will do
If you set your fancies free;
It will decorate fires with flames of blue,
The tale of the deep blue sea.

Heronymus Ballschmider & Co.

INVESTMENT-SECURITIES

Offices — Sheboygan - Manitowoc

EARL O. VOGEL
Local Manager

TOPCOATS

DISTINCTIVE STYLES
NEW SPRING COLORS
TRULY-FINE FABRICS
BEAUTIFULLY TAILORED

All these features combined with enduring fit and smartness at prices you can afford to pay.

Drop in and look over our swell selections in shirts, ties and sox that are really super.

THE
North End
Clothing Co.

Brainwavy

by LAURA JUNE WAAK '43

"Tests! Tests! and more tests!" complained the furious Miss Cerebellum to Miss Cerebrum after a hard day's work.

"Oh, please don't shout so," said the aching Cerebrum.

"Another week like this last one and Pam just won't have me any longer," sighed poor Miss Cerebellum.

"People just don't have any consideration for us. If they have a toothache, they see their dentist. If their feet hurt, they rest them and bathe them. But you and I, the more we ache, the harder they work us," replied Miss Cerebrum indignantly.

"Some day I'm just going to stop!" cried Miss Cerebellum.

"Going to stop, that's exactly what you did today when some one asked poor Pam a question," said Miss Cerebrum promptly.

"I know I did, but between writing stories and making diagrams, I just couldn't think of a single thing for her to say," Miss Cerebellum tried to explain.

"I'm not very good, but I hope I'm better than that," boasted Miss Cerebrum.

"You are not and you know it," fought back Miss Cerebellum.

"Oh, let's go to sleep; we've been making Pam toss and turn for hours and she needs sleep badly," said the disgusted Cerebrum.

"Good night, Cerebellum."

"Good night, Cerebrum."

With that the brain of Pamela was quiet, and it tried to rest so it could be clear and faithful in the morning.

from **FIRST STEPS IN COURTING**—

The night before the date comes, don your best bib-and-tucker (she likes to know she's worth your best) and be on her doorstep on time. Don't be late. It shows lack of interest. Greet mama and papa with an extra measure of your personality-plus. If you win their approval, it's half the battle. They'll do their share to back you.

by Mildred Peterson '41

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L. W. Gregory
Hammond & Hammond
G. M. Hoffman
C. L. MacCollum
L. D. Sobush
R. G. Strong
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Teitgen & Teitgen
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C. E. Wall
R. G. Yost

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E. D. La Course
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L. D. Thompson

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J. C. Danielson
Patrick Dewane
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Kelley, Wyseman, Muchin & Hansen
J. V. Ledvina
Markham, Markham & Schwartz
Meyer & Gransow
Nash & Nash
Schenian & Mayer
Leslie J. Valleskey

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G. W. Blaesser
A. Bruins
W. H. Clark
Gehbe & Savage
G. H. Heise
W. W. Just
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Sylvester Stangel
A. J. Zimmer
G. J. McCully

Dry Cleaners and Launderers Association

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Seven Up!

Too Big Or Not Too Big—

There was a young fellow named Clyde,
Who was trying so hard to decide,
    While the hat salesman chattered,
    He was sure that it mattered,
If his ears belonged out or inside.

by Loris Houghton '42

Cracked

There was a guy named Jacky
Whose head was kind of wacky;
    One day he fell down,
    And cracked his crown,
So now he is still kind of lacky.

by Ruth Schumacher '42

Wrong Number

It will be quite a trial,
To get used to the telephone dial,
    More than once you'll lumber,
    To get the right number,
So you'll have to be patient awhile.

by Marilyn Kuhl '42

His Way Is Best

There was a young man from the west
Who always had food on his vest.
    They gave him a towel,
    And how he did howl,
Cuz he like'd it the other way best.

by Alice Kaufman '42

Burnt

A Chinaman named One Long Pan,
Thought he'd like a new sun tan;
    With skin so yellow
    And sun so mellow,
He got burnt before he began.

by Jane Schmitz '42

Lessons?

There once was a school named Lincoln
Where all of the students were thinkin';
    All the girls about beaus,
    And the boys about shows;
About lessons, they hadn't an inklin'.

by Marion Miley '42

Flop

There was a young man called Miller
Who boasted he could climb the pillar.
    When he got to the top,
    He dropped; whatta flop!
This taught him that he could be stiller.

by Arthur Mraz '42

GRUEN SHOES
INC.

"The talk of the walk"

Sometimes it is necessary to close your eyes before you can see.

by Mary Ann Huberty '42

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Manitowoc's Leading Hat Shoppe
Exclusive but not Expensive.

MYRTLE HOUGAN, Prop.

FOR CHOICEST MEATS

GEIGER & GEISLER

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ALL MAKES PORTABLES

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Allen Wales Adding Machines
Standard Duplicators

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Louie's Sporting Goods

Louis C. Stangel

Dial 5005 717 Franklin St.

Manitowoc County's only Exclusive
Sporting Goods Store

INDEPENDENCE

(*Continued from page 16*)

jects a spirit of determination, a spirit which makes him say, "I'll show them I can do it. I can do anything if I put my heart and soul into the job." It also makes a teen-age feel as though he wants to be independent of all critical adults, but he has no one in whom he feels he can confide without being laughed at.

Inexperienced, he will try anything once; and when he fails, the everlasting criticism from adults that "the younger generation is going to the dogs," will ring in his ears. At this age he has so many problems which a simple explanation from an older person could solve. He wonders why he should study so hard, or what he has to show after all these years of education that will really help him after being graduated.

What is love? Should he go to dances? Why not get drunk once or steal just for the experience? Is he going about his affairs in the best manner? What is the difference between the many types of religion, and does he belong to the right one? Should he go to college? Why should he work for many years studying civilization only to be graduated and primed for cannon fodder? Is it the best thing to study under very strict supervision for eighteen years and then be thrown out into a business world where he will have to make all the decisions? What do other people his age think, and are their problems the same as his? What is he fitted to do after graduation?

Five years from now he will call himself an adult, and will have forgotten these numerous problems of "those young high school kids." He'll wonder why the younger generation doesn't appreciate the many things adults are doing for them, but he will not think of helping these millions of young folks by telling them how he solved the problems which are now theirs, or by telling them how to solve these problems better than he did.

Has education become modernized? Are we told how to face the real problem of life?

A world of young people is waiting for the answer to these questions and to many more.

FRITSCH
NASH
CO.

•
•
•

THE HOME OF
FINE CARS

•
•
•

916 Buffalo Street

DIAL 6363

FURMODES
Incorporated
Manitowoc, Wisconsin
Finer Furs

a family REUNION

(*Continued from page 8*)

how are you? Tell Jack I'll write him as soon as possible." This goes on down the line, and poor Aunt Selma, besides being nearly exhausted from answering the same questions, has to pay a twenty-minute telephone bill!

After all have eaten too much for their own good, they go into the living room and sprawl out contentedly. Between a couple of snoring individuals, you may see Gertie and Art with their football again.

Ten p. m. and the exits. All say the usual thing, "We had a wonderful time and be sure to come and see us when you're out our way." (The visit they hope won't occur for another twenty years.) Then they exit.

Do you blame me when I say I HATE family reunions?

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PERMANENT COMFORT
We will insulate, reroof, or reside your home for as little as $5.00 per month

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Let us insulate your home
new or old

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PAYS FOR ITSELF
Cuts fuel bills 30% to 50%

Phone our engineering dept. for free estimate now. Don't compare Eagle Insulation with ordinary rock wool. Eagle is the only mineral wool on the market that is NATURAL WATER REPELLENT—IT IS NOT OIL TREATED.

Free estimates given by competent engineers.
(Authorized Contractors for Eagle Pitcher Lead Co.)

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Arthur Post	Clerk
Earl F. Walter	Engineer
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William C. Herrmann	Treasurer
R. C. Herman	Assessor
Charles Plantico	Building Inspector
Alvin Krumm	Electrical Inspector
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Dr. R. G. Strong	Physician
Dr. Charles E. Wall	Health Commissioner
Dr. Harvey Vollendorf	Dentist
Whilomene Rentmeesters	Board of Health Nurse
Edward Pasewalk	Superintendent Cemetery - Parks
John F. Gaedke	Fire Chief
J. J. Kuplic	Police Chief
Leslie Mangin	Recreational Director
Mrs. Catherine Rank	Relief Director
Wm. R. Reardon	Supt. Sewage Plant
Roy Vollendorf	Supt. Street and Repair Dept.

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Second Ward	
Walter G. Koepke	Edward Klusmeyer
Third Ward	
W. C. Randolph	Quirin C. Delsman
Fourth Ward	
Clarence Klein	Harry Heagle
Fifth Ward	
Voida Olson	Edwin Nething
Sixth Ward	
Stanley Gretz	John J. Zagrodnik
Seventh Ward	

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Dial 3388

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Beauty Shoppe

Phone 4692

1701½ New York Avenue

from THE CHAMP

Your hunting days are over now, Champ. Others may have forgotten you, but not your master. No, sir, as long as you live, and even afterward, I shall have the greatest respect for you, and remember you as the finest dog I've ever had.

by Audrey Miller '42

Delsmann and Brunner Meat Market

1801 Western Avenue — Dial 6313

WE DELIVER

A FIRST CLASS MARKET
SELLING FIRST CLASS MEATS

Hot Sausage Wednesday and Saturday 4:00 - 5:30 P. M.

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TOWN TAXI
Dial 5511

YELLOW CAB
Dial 9191

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Most Modern
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EMERSON
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"Manitowoc's Largest and Most Up To Date Furniture Store"

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MATTRESSES
and
BOX SPRINGS
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COAL and BUILDING MATERIAL

Compliments of

FIRST SECURITIES COMPANY

First National Insurance Agency

Manitowoc, Wis.

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Manufacturers and Distributors of

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Standard Nationally Advertised Merchandise at Lowest Prices

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Hardware
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ART SPAHN HOME BAKERY

We Specialize in Wedding and Party

CAKES

2205 Marshall Street

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THE HOLY FAMILY CONSERVATORY

We teach all musical instruments as well as voice and harp throughout the year.

JUST A REMINDER

That Now Is The Time To Again Place Your **Furs** and **Fur Garments** in our **Certified** Cold Air Circulating Fur Vaults for Protection against **Theft-Fire-Moths** and **Summer Temperatures.**

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We call for and deliver.

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MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN

REISS POCAHONTAS

Manitowoc's Favorite Household Fuel

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Specialists in COAL since 1880

SELECT

KENTUCKY STOKER COAL

MAXIMUM HEAT . . . DEPENDABLE IN OPERATION

DRINK
CLEO COLA

Whistle
Bubble Up
Squirt

Manitowoc Bottling Works

Spring Fever

by Jeanette Ketter '42

Within my book
buried deep
Is loads of knowledge
that will keep.
Right now I'm set on
having fun
And studying's not the
way it's done.

HOLTZ FOOD MARKET

Quality Meats

BAKED HAM A SPECIALTY

Groceries, Fruits, and Vegetables

1519 Washington Street
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

See our new adorable

CAROL KING

Just the thing for Spring!

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CARL MEYER'S SUPER SERVICE

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FOR YOUR EVERY

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—WE FEATURE—

WILSON and SPALDING SPORTING GOODS

YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME AT STANGEL'S

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THE LEADER IN SALES
for 9 out of the past
10 years is

THE LEADER IN VALUE

LAUSON CHEVROLET
COMPANY

HESSEL
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The Home of Good Music

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TASTY CRISPY SHOPS

New Modern Soda Grill
"Wisconsin's Finest"

Located at 918 Washington Street

Other Shop located at 1420 Washington St.

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Chips, and Ice Cream

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and
COMMERCIAL
PHOTOGRAPHERS

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Picture Frames
Made to Order
822 Washington Street

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Manitowoc Wisconsin

SMART FASHIONS
for
MISS or MATRON
at
POPULAR PRICES

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Student government is being tried here at Lincoln High School.
Student government is something which should be cherished by all concerned.
Students should govern themselves carefully and wisely, so that this type of rule will remain here always.

by Erwin Meser '42

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TAILORING

906 Jay Street

DIAL 3853

Princess

We make
Our Own
ICE CREAM

and

CANDIES
fresh and pure
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Household Paper Products

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J. F. Dettman Body Shop

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TURN OFF THE HEAT WITH AWNINGS

Manitowoc Awning & Tent Co.

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Bowling Alleys and Lunch Room

LEARN TO BOWL AND ENJOY YOURSELF

ALLEYS OPEN—1:00 O'Clock Daily—9:00 A. M. Sunday

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HOYER BROS.

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CLOTHING
SINCE 1865

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Auto Service

916 South 10th Street

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PLYMOUTH

Sales and Service

OFFICIAL AAA GARAGE

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YOU'LL GET A BETTER DEAL ON A NEW OR USED CAR AT

PARLOW MOTORS

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Dial 3393 Manitowoc

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Music Store

Sylvester L. Verkins, Dir.

Instruction on All Band Instruments

1019 South 11th Street

DIAL 3557

An Equation

Less girls = More books
More books = Higher grades
Higher grades = Greater glory
Greater glory = More girls
More girls = Less books
Less books = Lower grades
Lower grades = The doghouse
What is a fellow to do?

by Elmer J. Weiter '43

The SPINDLER CO.

A Manitowoc Institution for 50 years

Ice
Coal
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UNEQUALLED FOR
Appetizing Food, Carefully Prepared, Invitingly Served

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75 ROOMS	75 ROOMS
Private Toilet Running Water	Private Bath
$1.75 to $2.25	$2.50 to $3.00

Large, well-arranged sample rooms, banquet room, and conference hall adaptable for conventions and sales conferences . . . Bar and Cocktail Service on Mezzanine Floor.

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"Musical Instruments and Merchandise of the Better Kind"

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Angora B' Gora

by JANICE TIDMARSH '42

Angora? Bah! I's knows wots dat.
'Tis dat dern fur; she come from cat.

De last time I was out ter dance,
Her clung like glue ter coat 'n pants.

My gal, I sez ter she, by gar,
Yer better chase dat old cat far.

Dat hair she just done start a feud,
When once it gits into yer food.

Yer rub 'n brush 'n scratch 'n swear,
But yer can't budge dat fuzz cat hair.

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EAR
NOSE
THROAT

WOOD BLOCK BUILDING

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Mechanization of Civilization

(*Continued from page 21*)

Then what do we get from machines? I'll tell you. We get toasters that you burn your fingers on at breakfast, we get subways where you get mobbed on your way to the office, we get telephone calls, telegrams, radiograms, all day telling us prices are going down and taxes are going up; then we come home at night and shave with an electric razor that shears the beard half an inch from the face. After that we spend a nice quiet evening making out checks for electric bills, gas bills, water bills, telephone bills, washing machines, refrigerators, clocks—if I think of any more, I'll go crazy!!!

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from I AM HATE

I am hate! Men fight against me all in vain. I live on the grudges and vengeance of men. For years they have tried to subdue me, but I am too strong for them to overcome me. They try to push me out and put love in my place; but they cannot overcome the tyrannies of hate.

by Jeanne Koskamp '41

from HIKE-HITCHING

I have often dreamed of a world where hike-hitching would be more prevalent than hitch-hiking. For example, a man is going to work. He has overslept and has ten minutes in which to walk a distance which usually takes him fifteen minutes or longer. In the Utopia as he is walking along the sidewalk, a car with one occupant drives past, stops, and the driver pops his head outside the door of the car and inquires: "Are you going my way, buddy?"

by Albert Nelesen '41

Eugene L. Kadow

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Lipstick

by Faith Hurtig '42

Bright red am I
To meet the eye
Of every boy
That passes.

In each girl's purse
I am the first
Before her pen
And glasses.

I'm shown to all
To big and small
On cute lips
Of pretty lasses.

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Bigamy?

You said, "Hello,
Remember me?
Let us be friends,
'Twas meant to be."

But well I know
It can't be true,
'Cause here am I,
And there are you.

Yes, there you are,
But I'm alone.
You've some one new
On the telephone.

by Ellen Nelson '43

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Freckles are like small brown pancakes on a shiny griddle.

by Elaine Krainik '42

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Nocturne

(*Continued from page 25*)

and met Mr. Grazello, his friend and music instructor, at his home.

"My boy, this will be one of my happiest moments. I'm an old man, Bill, and like to see beautiful music live on and on. I want you to play with your heart, tonight, and I know you will be an inspiration to all music lovers. Bill, you are a true artist!"

The old man spoke quietly with tears in his eyes and a hand on the boy's shoulder.

That night people from all over the city heard and loved the sixteen-year old boy who played his violin with his whole soul. The audience was spellbound, and listened, enraptured by the newsboy who so lovingly drew music with his bow.

The next day when Bill came to the newspaper office, the gang of roughs was waiting outdoors. One of them called to him. He slowly came toward them. There was a strained atmosphere for several seconds, then Tony, the leader, said awkwardly, "Bill, I'm not very good at this, but we'd like ta tell you we're sorry. Th' guys didn't know, or we wouldn't a' made those cracks about yer hands."

Mike stepped forward and with a look of mixed penitence and adoration said, "We heard part of yer concert las' night. We was standing in the lobby wit' our papers and that las' piece—*Nocturne*, it was, it—" Unable to express himself, Mike blurted out, "Gosh, Bill, we think yer about 'it'. It was swell and we'd like fer you to take this."

Gruffly he handed Bill a small package, clumsily wrapped. Bill, with eyes shining and lip quivering, took it and thrust out his hand.

"Thanks, fellows!" he said happily. He fumbled awkwardly with the wrappings. His eyes were dim as he lifted the cover.

"A pin—gold! And it's a violin. Gosh fellows, I-I," he stopped, blinking furiously.

"Aw, that's oke. C'mon gang, we gotta' hurry."

They walked off, leaving Bill alone. He stood there, happy beyond words. Although a true genius, Bill was a real boy.

My Country Home

by JUNE JOLE '42

A dish of berries freshly gathered,
Luscious cream,
Crispy lettuce from the garden,
Spinach green;
The apple trees, fruit filled
In orchard nigh;
The drone of bees, the song of larks
On treetops high;
The quiet of a summer day
Beneath the trees;
The million stars at night,
The evening breeze;
Acres green, as far as eye can see
Beneath great Heaven's dome —
I gaze at splendors all about me
And I am thankful for my
country home.

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SMILES

A smile is the cheapest thing there is, but it's worth a million in friends and happiness.

by Jane Hertel '42

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from —

ON HOW TO REST

by VirginiaTomcheck '41

Although you are in bed half the time, the majority of you never think of the best way to rest. Going to bed means just another daily habit to some, and a hobby to others.

But always after the black of night, you wake up refreshed despite your continual turning, and you comment dolefully, "Gee, but I slept fine."

When morning comes, you will find the bed tossed. The pillow will be on the floor and the blankets will be every place but where they should be. Nevertheless, I guarantee you will have a pleasant night, along with pleasant dreams. Ask one who knows!

A Ponderer

One wintry day I sat pondering;
Suddenly I decided to go wandering.
On the side of a hill
I took a bad spill,
And there I continued my pondering.

by Patricia Bonar '43

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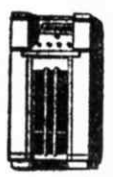

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AT ALL CLOVER FARM STORES

If I HAD BEEN BORN . .

by MARJORIE FESSLER '43

If I had been born in England, I would probably be running from bomb shelter to bomb shelter trying to find a place where I would be safe. Maybe I would have been with those boys and girls who were coming to the United States for refuge, and be dead at the bottom of the ocean.

If I had been born in Germany, I would be shouting "Heil Hitler" or listening to some radio program which was permitted by Hitler.

If I had been born in Italy, I would probably be marching with a wooden gun thinking and believing Italy is going to conquer the world.

If I had been born in Russia, I would be in a school in which all the teachers were selected by the government. I would have no chance to live with my parents or any freedom of religion or opinion on political matters.

How glad I am that I have been born in the United States where there is freedom of speech, the right to have an opinion on political matters and the right to vote when I am twenty-one years old, the right to be educated in a public school, a parochial school, or in a private school taught by a private tutor. In America I can listen to any radio program. I can choose any religion. These are some of the things all Americans are thankful for.

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